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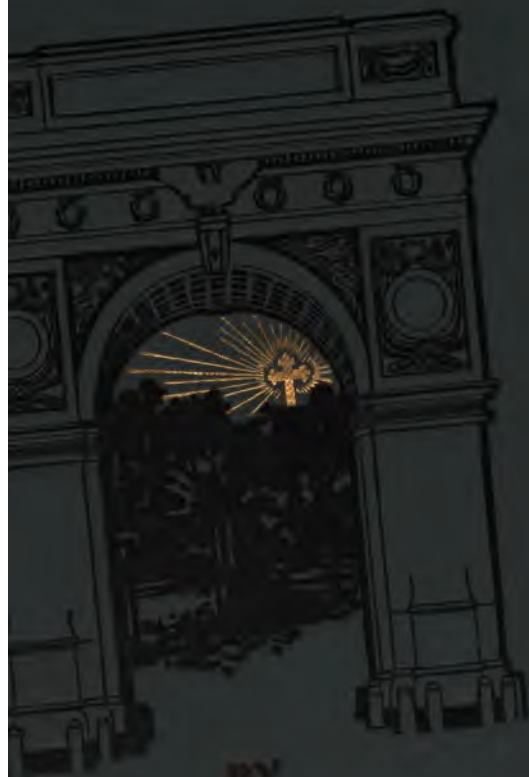
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WHOLE CITY FULL



BY
HARD W. TOWNSEND



Myra Valentine.

124.1









Edward W. Townsend,



NEAR A WHOLE CITY FULL.

BY

EDWARD W. TOWNSEND,

AUTHOR OF

"A DAUGHTER OF THE TENEMENTS," "MAJOR
MAX," "CHIMMIE FADDEN," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY

F. A. NANKIVELL.



NEW YORK:

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To my friend CHARLES W. GOULD,
whose wise kindness has been a continual encouragement to me, this book
is dedicated with affectionate regard.

E. W. T.

New York, 1897.



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JUST ACROSS THE SQUARE.





WHEN Philip arrived at the Grand Central Station and left his car, holding fast to his traveling bag in spite of the efforts of a red-capped, importunate person to relieve him of it, he found that his heart was thumping as if he had just finished a hundred-yard foot-race. He discovered at the same time that he was laughing aloud and he brought himself sharply to "attention," and actually stood still for several seconds, determined to assume at least an outward calm before he really set foot in his Mecca, the goal of his ambition, his fairyland—New York.

He repeated to himself the instructions he had written down as he had received them from a student friend who had lived in New York, and added: "This is Forty-second street, and I must face it and look for a horse-car going to my right. Hello, there is one." He bucked through the interfering line of cabmen, and boarded the car, saying, "And keep in that car until it passes underneath the elevated car line." He was smiling within in complete rapture, but maintained a sober mien until he saw a grim, Egyptian-looking pile, and then he blurted out "Fifth avenue!"

He could not help that. The joy of discovering that the Murray Hill reservoir was so like the pictures of it he had studied as to assure him of the locality, overcame his outward gravity, and until Sixth avenue was reached he

frankly smiled back at the smiling passengers, and gave up, with a sense of relief, the effort not to appear a stranger.

Then the elevated! He could have drawn working plans for the construction of an elevated railroad, including a station, and, indeed, he had done so in class work—Philip was an architectural draughtsman—yet the first sight of the actual structure was a surprise and delight to him.

“Ride to Bleeker street,” he said, reciting his written instructions when he was seated in a downtown train. Then the sights and sounds of that raised road ride! His eager eyes caught the platform sign “Bleeker street,” or he would have missed his station; his ears not being educated to identify the information intended by the gateman’s shouted “’Ker street!”



He had to walk only a short distance north to reach the lodgings he hoped to secure on South Washington Square, yet in that short walk he recognized several landmarks described in his

friend's directions. At the sign of the Café au Chat Noir he stopped and saluted hilariously, for the restaurant of the Black Cat figured frequently in his friend's most buoyant tales of bohemian life in New York.

He tramped on elate, and literally quivered with happiness at the first sight of the beautiful and stately white marble arch. That identified the Square to him, and he soon found the lodging house he sought.

The Janitor had received his letters, and told him he could have the very room his art-student friend had occupied ; and when he was in it and alone, and had taken one look out of the back window—seen the one grimy black-limbed tree, in the grimy black court, the back windows facing him on the opposite side of the court, and a young Italian woman at one of those windows, all just as his friend had told him—Philip shouted and danced for joy until the Italian looked over and smiled. Whereupon he promptly threw her a kiss. A closer examination of his room disclosed graphic evidences of his friend's former occupancy—frequently in the form of caricatures of the Janitor—and these so excitingly thrust into his understanding that he was actually, and at last, a part of the life of which he had heard so much and dreamed so

long, he was as close upon hysterics as a healthy athlete of twenty-three ever approaches.

When his trunk came he put on his best street clothes, and was surprised to find that they looked a trifle odd, not quite so fine and fashionable as they seemed when he last wore them at home. He took his one letter of introduction and, as he went out of the house, stopped and showed its address to the Janitor. When that austere person read it, he instantly altered the manner he had at first adopted toward the new fourth-flight-back lodger.

"Do you know where that is?" Philip asked.

"Sure, sir; that is just across the Square. That is North Washington Square, don't you see, sir, and this is South Washington Square."

Philip laughed, "That's my first



slip," he said. "I did not relate the two sides of the Square. I guess I thought the gentleman lived—why, in quite a different part of the city," and he glanced about at his dingy surroundings.

"Well, it is a very different part of town, in one way, sir. It's very swell just across the Square, and Mr. Gunton, the gentleman your letter is to, is the richest one on the row. I often see him."

Philip blithely went on his way and before he had reached the arch, toward which he was irresistibly drawn, he began to realize the difference between the upper and lower sides of the Square. The big, sedate red brick mansions fronting on the North side affirmed themselves even to his unsophisticated eyes to be the homes of established wealth.

"And I am sure of a welcome in one of those homes." Philip thought happily. He found the Gunton house, and sent in his letter. In a few minutes he was shaken by both hands by a big, hearty man, who repeated over and over :

"Phil Morrow's boy! Phil Morrow's boy, every inch of him! And I've never seen your father since you were born."

When Philip told him that he hoped to obtain employment in an architect's office, Mr. Gunton exclaimed : "Nothing easier. Black is the greatest of them all, as you know, and is not only my warm personal friend, but has charge of a great deal of work I happen to control. We'll fix that as soon as you're ready. But not a word of business or affairs now, my boy. The first thing is—dinner. Why not

dine with us to-night? Any engagements?"

"I've only been in the city two hours, and I know no one but you."

"Phil Morrow's son need know no one but me in New York," said the old man sententiously. "Then this evening at 7 o'clock. Mrs. Gunton will be anxious to see you. She never met your father—she's the second Mrs. Gunton, and a country girl—but she's heard' me speak of him often enough. I loved your father. I tried often to have him come here."

As Philip was leaving the house Mr. Gunton said: "If you have an evening dress suit, put it on."

"Oh, I have."

"You must not mind my asking you. Neither your father nor I had one at your age."

Philip's mind was in a ferment of

bliss as he left the Gunton house and stood gazing once more at the Washington arch "I must walk," he said to himself exultantly, "or I'll be arrested for dancing in the street. It does not seem possible that it can be true, but it is true!"

He started up Fifth avenue, hugging himself with boyish abandonment. Everything now was as the realization of a dream. He knew the names of the two churches he passed before reaching Fourteenth street; knew the names of their architects, and observed that a chapel addition had been made to one since it had been pictured for his treasured copy of "Notable New York Architecture." He recognized Fourteenth street before he read the names on its street-car lines, and rejoiced in his knowledge.

"I know New York! It is mine!

Big, beloved, beautiful city—it is mine !
Mine as an American, and it has welcomed me !”

Then on up to Twenty-third street, where he was swept into the late afternoon whirl, and willingly let himself drift where the torrent of humanity chanced.

At dinner that evening he sat next to Mrs. Gunton. “A country girl, indeed !” he thought, as he observed her, the most dazzlingly beautiful woman he had ever seen.

His host told stories about his boyhood’s friend, Phil Morrow, and became sentimental over his recollections of their days at the country school. One guest, a quiet, gravely observant man, made Philip’s heart swell with pride by his talk about his father, “that great scholar and philosopher, Philip Morrow,” and when the grave man had

ceased talking Philip was conscious that he had been suddenly boomed into something like a lion in the estimation of the other guests, only for being his father's son.

As the ladies rose to leave the table Mrs. Gunton said to Philip: "Come with us, Mr. Morrow; these men are going to talk about debentures, and something called common or preferred,



I forget which, but it has to do with six per cent., and I want you to talk to me about the country."

When they were seated together in

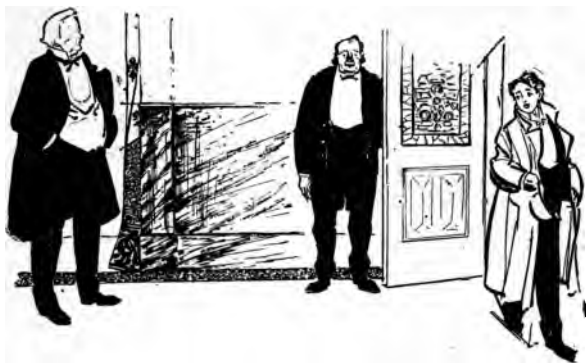
the library, where she led him, and told him he might smoke, she said, with an air of the greatest importance, "Did you ever see a lot of little black pigs feeding at a trough of buttermilk, eating until they shivered with the impossible effort to eat more, and then climbing into the trough? I have, and I'd give up my box at the opera to see that most fascinating sight again. Did you ever see a dignified turkey gobbler chasing a grasshopper? Tell me everything like that you've seen, and then if I like the way you tell it I'll select a rich girl to marry you."

She was only a few years older than he, and he saw her with dazzled eyes and brain, and he'd never been in love before, and—well, she gently pressed his hand as she bade him good night, saying :

"Where are you living, country cousin?"

"Just across the Square," Philip replied.

Her eyebrows arched slightly, but steadied instantly. She had never happened to know any one from the other side of the Square. "That is jolly," she said, "you must be neighborly, and come and see us often."



"We'll see about putting you at work in Black's office right away," were Mr. Gunton's parting words.

Philip stood at one of the corners of

the end of the Avenue, and looking through the arch saw glimmering down upon him in friendly radiance the lighted cross surmounting the tower of the Judson Memorial Church. "The symbol of Faith," he murmured. "And I have faith; faith in the promise of my father's friend; faith in my ability to succeed. How beautiful she is!" he continued, but that was irrelevant, for then he was thinking of his father's friend's young wife; yet irrelevant thoughts are not the most easily dismissed. He stood there in the crisp autumn night air happier than he had ever been before in his life. Even his most extravagant dream of professional advancement had never gone beyond what Mr. Gunton's promise seemed to assure; and it may have been this thought which triumphed in his heart, but what he was saying was :

“I will paint a picture in black and white of this arch with the lighted cross seen through it, and beyond. I wonder



if it will please her.” It was of her and not of his father’s friend that he was thinking, and it was of her he dreamed.

The next morning Philip break-



fasted recklessly at the Black Cat. He felt that there was no need of being niggardly about his expenses now that he was assured of immediate work. Life was as bright as the day.

He strolled up the avenue, looking for a certain flower shop he had noticed the afternoon before, and there he selected a bunch of violets, gasping a little when the salesman asked a dollar for it.

"Can you send it?" Philip inquired, giving Mrs. Gunton's address. Certainly, it could be sent easily enough, for a ten dollar bunch of roses another guest of the evening before had ordered, was going to the same address.

The salesman did not explain that.

Two weeks later Mr. Black, the architect, was in Mr. Gunton's office discussing some important building plans. The architect had not been

gone more than a minute when Mr. Gunton hurriedly sent a clerk to recall him. He was lost, however.

"It's too bad," said Mr. Gunton. "But I'll write to him. I must put Phil Morrow's boy at work."

He started to dictate the letter, but some men came in to talk about debentures, and common or preferred something, which had to do with six per cent.

Two weeks later still, a month after Philip arrived in New York, he entered the house on South Washington Square, and the Janitor who was waiting to ask him for next month's rent, did not do so; the boy looked so hopelessly wretched.

He had not been very careful of his small store of money, and it was gone in a week, and some of his books and trinkets went the second



week. He tortured himself with two questions: Why did he not hear from Mr. Gunton? Why did he not go to Mr. Gunton? He saw the Gunton house every day, just across the Square; often saw the master enter and leave it; more often saw the mistress enter and leave. At such times of watching he would answer the first question readily: Mr. Gunton's silence was the pure forgetfulness of a very busy man. For the second question he miserably told himself that a visit from him to Mr. Gunton for no other purpose than to ask his aid in securing work would be in the nature of begging. He labored with himself to prove that this was a foolish, false, even a wicked mental perversion, begot of pride and over-sensitiveness. But the more he argued the more deeply rooted and rank became the

thought. Then he turned upon himself and held his deeper underlying thought at bay, and knew that while he would have sturdily asked his father's friend for the fulfilment of his reiterated promise, he could not bring himself to beg for the means of living from the husband of the woman who had been his hostess, who had called him "Country cousin," who was so beautiful !

Then, in the third week, when he began to pawn his clothes, the possibility of calling at the house just across the Square vanished utterly ; and when in the fourth week he was of necessity reduced to one poor meal a day he even gave up his futile rounds of the architects' offices, searching for work, and did not return to his lodgings until after dark, for he had a dread of the possibility of being seen by any one in the Gunton house. That day, at the

end of the fourth week, when he had eaten nothing for forty-eight hours, and had failed to secure work as a laborer on the docks, he returned to his room and saw the Italian family seated at their supper. The young woman threw him a kiss and showed all her white teeth as she pointed him out, at his window, to her companions. As he stood there half wondering what would be his reception if he went to the Italian's rooms and asked them for the food he was starving for, Mrs. Gunton, in her dressing room just across the Square, called to her husband through an open door :

“ Have you ever spoken to Mr. Black about young Morrow, my dear ?”

“ I'm glad you reminded me of it,” Mr. Gunton replied, “ Black will be here for dinner this evening, and I'll fix the matter.”

"Young Morrow has been here some time without employment, has he not?"

"Only a week or so. Just time for a country boy to have a bit of a look around the town."

"It's a month ago to-night he dined here. He sent me some violets the next day."

"Did he? Well, he is Phil Morrow's son, sure enough. You know that boy's father loaned me his savings for my expenses to New York forty years ago."

An hour later, at dinner, Mr. Gunton suddenly said to Mr. Black, "By the way, I want you to put a young friend of mine at work."

The Architect grimaced a little as he replied: "The trouble is that your young friends in my office do not work."

"But Philip Morrow will," exclaimed Mr. Gunton.

"Philip Morrow? Philip Morrow," repeated Mr. Black reflectively. "Where have I seen that name? Why!" he exclaimed suddenly, "I voted to give the first prize to a man of that name, in a competition for some building plans in which I was one of the judges. I was outvoted, but if that is the same man, I want him."

"Was he from my old town?" asked Mr. Gunton eagerly.

"Yes, so he was," Mr. Black responded.

The conversation was interrupted by a horrified butler who whispered to Mr. Gunton:

"A policeman wants to see you."

"Excuse me for bothering you, Mr. Gunton," said the officer, when that gentleman met him in the hall. "But a young man has just killed himself,

and your card was the only address found in his room."

"My card? My God, man! Where?"

"In a fourth story back room, in a house just across the Square."

A ROSE OF THE TENDERLOIN.

7



I MET Harry, Tenderloin Harry, that day as he was alighting from a hansom, at the corner of Fifth avenue and one of the upper Thirtieth streets. There was nothing surprising in seeing him on Fifth avenue, for that, as well as one side of Seventh avenue, is in the Tenderloin—a fact which seems to escape the minds of those who comment on that interesting precinct.

“Sherry’s, as well as Shanley’s, is in the Tenderloin,” Harry phrased it to me once.

It was surprising, though, that he

should have been in a hansom, for he usually goes afoot through his beloved precinct, and it was more surprising to see him lift a three-year-old girl from the cab—a child with big, frank, handsome blue eyes that were dancing with excitement, I noticed, when I stopped to speak to Harry.

“We been to Hentrem Park,” she interrupted, as we were chatting.

“That means Central Park,” Harry interpreted, smiling down at the child.

“And haw ions, and tigers and—and —potomums and elphim an—and dote tarriage.”

“Goat carriage,” Harry again interpreted, proudly.

I walked down the cross-street with them, the child holding a hand of each of us and chattering excitedly. They stopped in front of a house near Sixth avenue.



"Now doin' hee Mamma, and tell Mamma 'bout Hentrem Park," said the child, as Harry took her in his arms to carry her up the steps.

"Dood-by, oo do and hee Hentrem Park and dote tarriage," she said over Harry's shoulders, waving a plump little hand at me as I walked on.

I knew as much about Harry as do most men who know the Tenderloin—and no more. I knew that was not his home, and I wondered if his curious history included a romance involving the life of that beautiful child. I was yet lazily speculating about the man and the baby when, after walking a few blocks up Broadway, I had returned as far as the corner of the same cross-street, and there I was almost run into by Harry, with the child in his arms.

He was greatly excited, more than I

had ever seen him before, and the child was crying from fright.

"Here!" he exclaimed as he saw me, "Quick! you're just the man. You know where my rooms are; take this child there."

He stopped a passing coupé and pushed me in and put the baby in my arms before I had a chance to ask a question.

"Here are my keys; call the landlady—she'll do whatever's wanted!" and he slammed the door, giving the address to the driver.

I tried to quiet the child, but she was thoroughly frightened; at what she could not say, but I guessed it was the panic she had been thrown into by seeing some sudden and great change in Harry.

I was relieved when the landlady joined me in Harry's apartments, for

she was a motherly and calm woman, who soon had the child quiet, and interested in some picture papers.

I told her what little I knew, but she asked no questions and showed no curiosity—she had been Harry's landlady for many years, and perhaps had learned not to be surprised or curious over any business of his.

I had been there not more than half an hour when a man came with a little trunk, and word from Harry that it belonged to the baby and was to be opened. Mrs. Masters, the landlady, opened the trunk and took out some of its contents, with many exclamations of delight at the rich and pretty clothes. The baby took a knowing and interested hand in this, selecting a "dess mamma likes," which Mrs. Masters put on the child.

"Unky Harry say mamma dawn

'way. Do oo know where mamma dawn?"

"No, dearie," said Mrs. Masters.

"My name not dearie; my name, Osie."

"Osie? Oh, Rose!"

"Ess, Osie."

It was getting dark, and little Rose began to whimper and want to go to her mamma, so Mrs. Masters undressed her and put her to bed. I saw them in Harry's bedroom from where I sat in his parlor.

"Do you say prayers, Rose?"

"Ess, I say Dod bess mamma."

"And papa?"

The child looked up at Mrs. Masters wonderingly, and repeated, sleepily:

"Dod bess mamma—'at's all."

Mrs. Masters and I were whispering in the parlor, which was only half lit from the electric lights shining in



through the curtains from the street below, and had just started at a cry from Rose as Harry came in.

He stood on the threshold as he heard the baby's voice saying: "I doin' tiss mamma dood-night. Mamma, tum tiss Osie dood-night."

Mrs. Masters had the little one sound asleep soon, and then Harry told his story.

It was a long story, and much of it you may have read in the papers the next morning. Even if you did not, there is no use telling it all here. The headline in the papers told most of it: "Another Tenderloin Suicide."

"I never knew the father of the child," said Harry, sitting with his back to the light from the street, "and I hope I never may. The poor girl I knew before she—before she came into the Tenderloin. After the baby was

born I saw the mother sometimes in the restaurants and music halls—sometimes on the street. One day I met her with the baby, and the little one kind of took to me, and we became good pals—the little one and me. I used to send it little things from the shops—dresses and hats and things—and take it out to the park once in a while.

“To-day I got a note from the mother asking me if I’d take Rose out for a ride. I saw her—the little woman—when I called for the baby, and it seemed to me she was jollier than usual. When we got back to the house, they’d just found it out—found her dead, and some of the women set up a cry that the Society would take the kid—take Rose, you know—and that gave me a scare. That’s when I met you.

“I’ve made arrangements about the



funeral—and that will be all right. But it's Rose I'm thinking of. Is she sleeping all right, Mrs. Masters?"

"Like a little angel, Harry."

He tip-toed into his bedroom, and when he came back he said nothing for many minutes. Then he lighted the gas, and handing me a sheet of paper, said: "They found this addressed to me."

It read:

"HARRY:—Please look after the baby. I have pawned everything but the baby's clothes. I have no right to ask this of you, only that the baby likes you. I can't stand this any longer. Good-by. ROSE.

"Harry—Try and put the baby in a way to be brought up good, and God will bless you. R."

For several days after this I missed Harry from his favorite promenades. His absence was as noticeable as would be that of the Worth Monument from its pedestal. I began to wonder much what had become of him, and then, what had become of pretty little Rose. So I called to learn.

"Yes, he's in," said Mrs. Masters, smiling with much good nature. It occurred to me that I had not seen her smile much before then.

A young woman in a nursemaid's cap and apron admitted me to the hall of Harry's apartments. She seemed to be a particularly amiable young woman, and was also smiling most sympathetically. I heard shouts of merriment, a chorus of deep-chested laughs upholding a solo of the sweetest sound on earth—the unaffected laugh of a happy child.

Seated on the floor was Kendhope,



the comedian ; and never in his long and successful career had he held such an appreciative and favoring audience.

Opposite him Harry was seated on a low chair, holding Rose on his knee, and she was watching Kendhope with fascinated eagerness. The distinguished comedian held in one hand Rose's favorite doll and in the other a comic mask. The game was for Rose to ask the doll a question and Kendhope to answer through the mask, in the pretense of speaking for the doll.

Standing around were a half dozen men of Harry's class, men whose brilliant waistcoats were well plumped out, whose dress and linen in all respects, if somewhat showy in design or color, were most notable for exquisite neatness.

"Have oo been a dood dirl to-day?" Rose asked.

Kendhope answered through the mask, at the same time making the doll nod and squirm drolly.

"Ess, very dood dirl; 'cept I eat too much apple sauce."

Rose laughed and clapped her hands at this answer, and the men roared. I learned that that was a joke on Harry. The nurse had told him that apple sauce was good for Rose, and he had promptly arranged with the chef at Delmonico's for the delivery of a fresh quart of apple sauce three times a day, and paid for six months' supply in advance.

"Damn me if she ain't up to the limit."

This was said by a man who had graduated from the prize ring into the betting ring, and had retired rich.

Harry gave him an ugly look.

"Damn me!" said Rose, looking up inquiringly, as if for a meaning.

"There, see what you've done!" Harry said to the abashed offender. "It's a bad word and don't mean anything, Rosie. I wonder Tom had no more sense."

"Tom div me a new doll," Rosie said, absolving the penitent sinner with a smile.

The game was changed; a splendid pair of red silk, silver mounted reins, presented to Rose by a retired horseman, was harnessed on

to the whole party by the donor, and Rose drove us all round the room with shouts of joy.

I noticed a number of changes in the room. A sideboard, wont to present a generous offering of drinkables, was



converted into a doll's playhouse ; a centre-table around which most of the men present were in the habit of engaging in heavy play, no longer held cards and poker chips, but was now innocently arrayed with a profusion of baby tea-things.

When Rose stopped, tired of driving her obedient team, she stood in front of a large photograph of Mlle. Blanc in the meagre "fairy" costume in which she entranced vaudeville audiences last winter.

"At's a angel," said Rose.

Harry flushed, took the photograph and threw it into the open fire. Then with a sudden impulse he went about the room gathering all such souvenirs, and in a moment more there was a conflagration of the finest collection in town of music hall celebrities' autograph pictures.



Presently the nurse came and said it was time for Rose's supper and bed.

Baby and nurse disappeared, but the men did not go. They sat around talking softly and apparently waiting for something. Everything Rose had said and done was rehearsed and declared to be the most wonderful performance in the world.

"The nurse wouldn't let her have those foils, Jack," said Harry, pointing to a handsome pair of miniature fencing foils on the mantel. "She said the baby would be sticking them into her eyes."

"Of course," remarked Tom reproachfully, glad to find another offender. "Do you want to put the kid's eyes out?"

"I didn't think of that," Jack answered apologetically. "I was reading in the paper that girls are going in for

fencing nowadays, and I thought she couldn't begin too young."

"Those boxing-gloves were a great hit, Frank," Harry said to another.

"Were they?" Frank asked delightedly.

"She's a wonder with them. Honest, she poked me in the nose with them till it bled," Harry added.

There was a suppressed chuckle of delight at this.

From the further conversation I learned that Harry's friends passed every afternoon with him and Rose, and that that young person had already been presented with about everything the shops of New York afford, from a cart and pony to a pair of diamond earrings. The giver of the latter had been astonished to learn that girl babies are not born with ears ready pierced for earrings.



The talk gradually hushed, and at last the men were all silent, looking toward the nursery door. There was a little start, and then a more intense stillness, when the door was opened and Rose, in her nightgown, came in. She was tired, and there was the little strain of sleepy pensiveness in her voice as she went to each man and bade him "Dood-night," receiving from each a half timid but reverent kiss.

Then she went to Harry, and, kneeling in the firelight, prayed :

"Dod bess mamma and Unky Harry—and Bob—and Frank—and—and—"

"And Tom," whispered a thick voice.

"Ess, and bess Tom, and—and——"

It was a very sleepy voice which concluded :

"And bess all Unky Harry's dood friends."

Harry kissed her and the nurse took her away.

The men departed slowly and quietly.

"Wait, I want to see you," Harry said to me.

It was so long before he spoke I thought he might have fallen asleep, and at last I asked: "What is it, old man?"

"I don't know any good woman," he said, "not the kind that dead mother would want me to give the baby to."

"Have you decided to give up Rosie?"

"I must," Harry answered slowly, and with an effort which seemed necessary to steady his voice.

"It's kind of hard," he continued after a pause, "it's kind of hard to think that I might be doing the baby harm just to be seen with her. Every



one in town knows me—by sight, at least. Supposing Rose should be seen with me every day now, and then grow up in New York. Why, someone would remember, and say of her, when she was a young lady: ‘She’s related to Tenderloin Harry, I remember seeing them together.’ That might harm her.” There was another silence before he resumed: “It’s better to give her up now—before I get fond of her. I might not be willing later. Can you help me?”

“Help you?”

“To find some good woman who wants a little angel like Rose—who’d be kind to her—bring her up good. There need not be any trouble about money. I’ve got some, and no one to leave it to except Rosie.”

I promised Harry I’d help him. I had the matter in mind constantly, but

it was weeks before chance offered the opportunity I wanted.

One evening I dined at the house of a friend where I met a man and wife from a large Western city. The man was a lawyer, as was my host, and was in New York in connection with some important litigation. The Westerner's wife was a gracious, attractive woman, but there seemed to be beyond her typical Western vivacity a note of sadness—of discontent.

When the other guests had gone we, my host and I, discussed them, after the manner of men, I fear, as much as women.

"She is not a happy woman," said my host, "although you'd say she has everything to make her so. Her husband is successful and prosperous, she has a beautiful home, is a leader socially, and important in all those liter-

ary, musical and benevolent movements, which so much occupy the energies of women of society in Western towns. But she has no children."

Then I told my host the story of Rose.

The next day there was a long interview, which I brought about, between my host, the Western lawyer and Harry. As a result of the interview Rose was taken by her nurse to a hotel to see the Western lawyer's wife, and for a week thereafter the baby was with her every day. Harry, in rain or sunshine, faithfully walked up and down in front of the hotel—up and down all the hours the baby's visits lasted—and only ended his sentryship when Rose and the nurse returned to his apartments.

Then I received this note from Harry :

"She is coming this afternoon to take the baby away. Please come up, as I've never seen the lady, and you can help perhaps. HARRY."

I went, and when the lady came I introduced Harry. She knew the whole story—who and what he was—but she shook hands with him cordially.

The other men—Harry's friends—were there, but they hung silently about the windows, and seemed deeply interested in the sights of the street.

Rose came in from the nursery, prettily dressed to go out. Perhaps it was because her usually boisterous slaves did not have any greeting for her, or perhaps a look in Harry's face which gave Rose a little fright. Children take panic like animals from slight causes which men do not discover. She ran to Harry and clutched his coat.



"What oo doin' do?" she asked, looking up in his face.

"I'm not going to do anything, dear," he answered, looking straight ahead so that he did not see her arms outstretched to be taken.

The lady gave a quick searching glance at Harry's set face, and then said with nervous resolution :

"I shall be in town a week or two yet, but I thought it better to take Rose now ; you might grow to be fond of her."

"Yes, lady, I might," Harry said still not looking at Rose.

"Where I doin'?" the baby asked.

"With me. Come, Rose."

"Is Unky Harry tummin'?"

"No, I'm not, Rosie."

"Why not?"

Harry gently detached the baby's fingers from his coat, and there was a

slight movement in the group by the window as he said, huskily :

“Because your mother said that—that if I put you where you’d be brought up good, Rosie dear, God would bless me.”

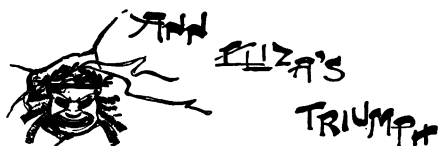
The lady slipped out of the room with Rose.

“And, by God, He ought to!” sobbed Harry.



ANN ELIZA'S TRIUMPH.





I OFTEN think that the admitted mental superiority of the people of Greenwich Village results from the fact that the young of that most interesting section of Manhattan Island are early required to master the problem of how two parallel lines can meet.

Every New York boy and girl knows that the numbered streets run east and west in parallel lines, twenty to the mile, but only the youth of old Greenwich are confronted with the mystery of two of these streets, West Tenth and West Fourth, meeting, and thereby

compelled to solve that mystery or upset a cherished axiom in geometry.

That alone, aside from the superior social conditions of Greenwich, is enough, I contend, to account for the mental alertness of the inhabitants, which exceeds, as I believe, that of the residents of any other portion of New York, from the Battery to the Bronx.

John Hope's Ann Eliza was the brightest girl in Greenwich, and was so acknowledged from the time she first went to the Greenwich Avenue School, near Jefferson Market, to the time she left her father's home, on Bank street, which was when she was eighteen years old, after having been her father's housekeeper for four years.

Mrs. Hope died when the fifth baby was born, and, besides the youngest, Ann Eliza had the care of two other children younger than she, not counting



Charley, who was an office-boy in the dock office of the steamship line where his father was a clerk and had been for twenty years.

Charley took care of himself, but Ann Eliza took care of the three other children, and of the five-room apartment where they lived. Also she cooked, washed, made beds, cleaned house, and even then had time to practise singing at the old-fashioned piano, which her mother owned before she married John Hope, in her father's home, in Little West Twelfth street.

The neighbors said Ann Eliza was a credit to her mother's bringing up; and they often called in the evenings to hear Ann Eliza play and sing, and they told John Hope that he was a mighty lucky man to have a daughter as smart as Ann Eliza, and as strong. Only Charley helped her to wash the

dinner dishes, and prepare things for the next day's early breakfast, yet Ann Eliza had the rooms cleaned up and looking spick and span before the neighbors, even those who had hired help, were through with the dish washing.

One of the neighbors had a son who was a clerk in a Sixth avenue depart-



ment store, and he used to bring the popular songs to Ann Eliza so early in their vogue that they would have them all learned, including quartette parts—

John Hope sang tenor and Charley bass, curiously enough—long before the other Greenwichers had the songs half mastered.

Through the department store clerk—his name was Harold Beeckman and his father's great-grandfather had owned a farm of many acres where Greenwich is now solidly bricked up—through Harold, I say, a publisher of songs heard of Ann Eliza, and after that she received songs by the score as soon as ever they were printed; and then Greenwich sang only such songs as Ann Eliza made popular.

They are great folks over in that part of town for popular songs. They still openly and boldly indulge in the elsewhere abandoned habit of sitting out on the front steps on warm evenings, and that, possibly, fosters chorus singing.

Harold Beeckman told Ann Eliza one night that he had quarreled dreadfully with the song publisher because the latter had suggested that he would be willing to pay Ann Eliza a commission on the sale of songs, if she would agree to popularize only those published by his house.

"I told him," said Harold, severely, "that I thought he was just as mean as he could be, even to suggest that you would accept pay for doing anything any one could connect with stage singing. The idea!"

Ann Eliza regarded Harold with such sudden deep interest that her big gray eyes were for once wide open; and the young man discovered with rapture that the more one saw of her eyes the more beautiful they were—and his love became, if possible, greater than ever.

"Yes," he continued, "the idea of that rude man associating your name with—why, of course, I never go to such places, but you know what I mean, Ann Eliza."

"Harold, I do not know what you mean or what you are talking about. For a minute I thought it was something about my singing in public on the stage, perhaps."

Ann Eliza looked radiant as she spoke of the stage, but she laughed carelessly a moment later, and added: "No such luck, though."

"Ann Eliza Hope, do you know what you are talking about? You ought to be ashamed!" exclaimed Harold, shocked.

"Look here, Harold," Ann Eliza suddenly retorted, "if it is true, what you've told me, that those song publishers sometimes get girls engagements

just to have their songs sung on the stage, why, you send him trotting down here fast as you can."

Harold thought she was joking, of course, and forgot all about the incident a little later, when they were all in the parlor singing together.

Ann Eliza did not forget. In fact she thought over the matter a great deal, until one day she put on a large black velvet hat which threw a shadow almost down to her well adjusted chin, and walked forth to a business interview with the publisher whose advances Harold had met so sternly. This interview was the first of a series, which finally resulted in her going one afternoon to a theatre where she sang with only the orchestra leader—who played her accompaniment on a piano—and the manager for audience.

All this she did without the knowl-

edge of her father, of Harold, of any one of her acquaintances, except a girl of her own age, who agreed to go into the Hope rooms and look out for the children while Ann Eliza was away.

She wanted much to inform Harold, because she would enjoy his horror over what she was doing, but she knew he would tell, and she did not quite like the idea of her father knowing. He would not scold—he had never scolded her or any one else in all his life—but he might look surprised and hurt, and she would not like that.

When the theatre manager had told her to practise half a dozen songs be-



fore her mirror, so that she would know how to look while singing, and to come back in a month and he might give her a chance to "do a turn," she still kept it a secret from all but that one girl friend. But how she practised !

Even the baby began crooning the songs she sang, and Horatio, the six-year-old, could sing every one through without a mistake in words or notes.

Then one evening she told her father and Harold that she had accepted an engagement to sing in a vaudeville theatre, and that her engagement began the next night.

Papa Hope looked dazed and was silent. He could not understand, and even when he found his voice he only repeated in a shocked tone :

"Why Ann Eliza ! Ann Eliza !"

But Harold made up for the other's lack of comment. He drew himself up



stiffly—he was ambitious to become a floorwalker, and was practising a haughty and dignified mien—regarded Ann Eliza with a look of mingled scorn and horror before he exclaimed : “Ann Eliza Hope, you shock and grieve me ! Imagine the chagrin of a Beeckman, who thought of you as his future wife, when he hears that you even contemplate making yourself a show on the public stage. No woman can expect ever to become a Beeckman and entertain such folly in her—her virgin thoughts.”



Harold was proud of that speech, and observed with much satisfaction that it caused tears to come to John Hope's eyes. It brought evidence of quite a different kind of emotion into

Ann Eliza's gray eyes, and they snapped as she replied: "I guess you don't know what you are talking about, Harold Beeckman. I'm not going to make a show of myself. I'm going to dress just as I do here in the evenings, and sing the same songs, and"—there was a note of triumph in her voice now—"I'm to have fifteen dollars a week to start with, and twenty-five dollars if I make a hit." Harold started a little as he heard the amount of the salary, for it was more than his own, and as much as John Hope's, but he only answered with increasing scorn:

"Go your way, Ann Eliza, but return the ring I gave you before you disgrace yourself for pelf!"

He got the ring back so quickly and with such a look that he could not command another speech at once.

Then John Hope spoke in a tearful,

wandering manner, about his honest name being dragged in the mire, and the memory of his sainted wife being polluted, and a happy home broken up.

This made Ann Eliza cry, and she was glad when Charley came in and defended her. But Harold urged on John Hope's poor rage, until there was a very unhappy scene, ending in Ann Eliza leaving the house much in the manner of heroines in melodramas.

If I should tell you the name under which Ann Eliza made her vaudeville début, I would not have to remind you of the instantaneous hit she made — how all New York flocked to the theatres where she sang the simple songs of the street — nor to tell you of the



almost fabulous pay she soon received as the most popular American vaudeville singer.

Now, Harold is her husband, and is supported by her in luxurious idleness; and her father is her manager, having given up his work in the steamship office at the same time Harold resigned from the department store.

Charley works away merrily in the steamship office, and visits Ann Eliza Sunday evenings in her brilliant rooms; and there they sing the songs of the Greenwich days; but Ann Eliza plays the tunes on a much finer piano than the little jingling one by which they first learned those songs in the faded old parlor in Bank Street. Harold's baritone and John Hope's tenor are never heard in these Sunday-evening concerts, for Harold and John are always engaged elsewhere on Ann Eliza's only evenings at home.

THE MAN OUTSIDE.

7



TENDERLOIN HARRY knows more about human nature—perhaps I should restrict this statement by saying that I refer to the impulsive, elemental human nature which contributes the comedy-tragedy ingredient to that multi-phased section of New York known as “the Tenderloin”—and can read it at sight better than any one else I’ve ever met. It gives me something like a mental shiver when I observe how pitilessly bare to his understanding are the motives and emotions of men and women who believe they have safely masked their secrets; yet it is the kind of shiver

I am ever ready to experience for the liberal education which accompanies it in the pursuit of "the proper study of mankind."

It was for that reason I motioned Harry to join me at the table where I was taking a noonday breakfast when he strolled in, groomed, fresh, pink-cheeked as usual. I shall not name the restaurant, but designate it, say, as D——l's ; for to be too explicit might reveal to others the identity of the three persons concerning whom Harry so entertainingly enlightened me. Harry sat at my table, which was by one of the side windows that give on Twenty—th street, and as the day was warm the window was thrown full open.

While I was yet alone at the table I had remarked with considerable curiosity a well-dressed man who had twice left the opposite sidewalk, come to my



window and carefully scanned the people in the restaurant.

The man was middle-aged, but gave an impression of sprightly youth ; an impression enhanced by the circumstance that his moustache, though gray-tinged, was both curled and waxed. What most



fixed my attention to him, however, was a curious mixture of boldness and something which was not quite timidity—insecurity, say—which he displayed when he searched the restaurant with his eyes. It was evident that whoever he sought, he sought eagerly. The look in his eyes was impatient ; even petulant.

Well, Harry joined me, and soon afterward the Man Outside came again

to the window, and in his furtive search of the room his eyes met Harry's, when to my surprise, he flushed, turned abruptly and walked away.

"What is it?" I asked, discovering a contemptuous curve on my companion's usually amiable lips.

"I'll tell you," he began, and then he added, after a pause, "no, I'll show you—soon."

He glanced as he spoke toward two women who just then entered the room, taking seats at a table near ours. One was large, tall, calm, indifferent; the other was small, daintily formed, of the gentle-modest type. Each was exquisitely dressed, and appointed in every detail. They were opposite and pronounced in type, and each acted her type in a manner which comforted one with the assurance that any untoward financial disturbance in their lives might still



preserve them to us on the stage. Even in their manner of removing their gloves each was typical ; the smaller seemingly sensible of a possible indelicacy in the growing exposure of a naked hand, the larger calmly deliberate, with complete confidence that when the operation should be over she would display a shapely and perfectly manicured hand for the edification of men and envy of women.

Harry, who takes some pride in my training in such studies, seemed pleased when I whispered, " No woman could possibly be as modest as the little one looks, nor so grand a dame as the other appears."

" They belong to the little play I'm going to show you," Harry said.

The smaller woman carried a pretty purse, which she placed on the table ; and then beckoned to a waiter, who

approached, and, to catch her low spoken, rapid utterance, bent his head



close to hers. The waiters at D—l's are admirably trained, and knowing. There was in this one's

attitude and expression just a touch of familiarity which told much. When she had finished speaking to him the waiter approached our table and, pretending to perform some little service for us, made a slight signal at the open window.

The Man Outside saw the signal, and a minute later entered the restaurant. He walked with a defiant swagger to their table and took a seat with the two

women. The waiter did not place the chair for him. That is a very unusual omission in D——l's. The man took a menu and proceeded to order a very elaborate and expensive breakfast, including a rare vintage wine. His voice swaggered just as his person had—defiantly. The smaller woman flushed slightly and looked supremely happy: the other calmly studied the costumes about her; she had scarcely noticed the man. The smaller woman's hand slipped as she broke a roll, and the motion shoved her purse some distance from her, and toward the man. Later, in moving a glass, she still further moved the purse, and soon after that the man's napkin carelessly fell over the purse, and when he afterward picked up the napkin the purse was no longer in sight.

Then Harry said, "Let's go into the

other room and smoke," and we did so. Then he said : " Did you understand it?"

" Not all."

" That man who was outside—the one who is breakfasting in there now—was well born and well educated, too," Harry resumed. " He never had much money ; only enough to belong to one or two good clubs, to keep a horse, perhaps, and to live as most fashionable men do. He got rid of his money in a way which put him into newspaper stories, and put him out of his clubs. I suppose it isn't very becoming of me—as you might say—to talk about men's morals, but I'd have some respect for that fellow—which I have not—if he'd either go to work or go hungry. But he's not the only man in town with an income of nothing a year who does neither—well born and well educated at that."



“Do you mean——”

“I mean,” interrupted Harry quietly,
“that that Man Outside was waiting
for his breakfast.”



THE DOG ON THE ROOF.





“YES, I stole the dog. Maybe it’s the only thing I ever stole, and maybe it isn’t. That’s nothing to you, is it? You asked me for the story and I’ll tell it to you. I don’t suppose you’re a Headquarter’s detective. I know you are not. Why? Perhaps I know them all. Perhaps it comes handy in my graft to know them. That’s nothing to you, is it?

“I had a friend—Marty. He was

dead square. He was educated, too, and had the brains to turn a trick that would make the town talk about him for a month, but he wouldn't do it. He was just square all the way through, but he was my friend.

"You asked me for the story, and I'll tell it to you if you'll print his name right and say that he was square. Never mind me, it was him I was thinking of—always thinking of. Whether I had all I wanted to eat or not, or whether I had a place to sleep or not, it wasn't myself I was thinking of—it was him.

"Well, you saw the dog on the roof, you say. You know he was well-bred, eh? You know a thing about dogs, then. He took first prize in his class up at Madison Square Garden. That's right. He sold for a thousand the next day—and I stole him.



“My friend’s name was Marty—Martin Borden. We went to school together on Broome Street. Yes, they call that part of town Poverty Hollow, and that’s right, too, I guess. He went longer than me ; he was educated. He went up to fractions ; but I left when my mother died and my father was sent away. I guess I was about eight, something like eight, but I’m not quite sure. They’ve got it at Headquarters with my picture. You can look there, if you like.

“Marty’s father earned good wages in a foundry down by Corlears Hook, and Marty was kept in school until he was twelve, I think.

“He was always looking me up and taking me home with him for grub and a place to sleep, and even when he was a little kid, was always giving me straight tips and telling me I’d do bet-

ter if I was square. But what could I do? I had to live. I had a right to live, even if I couldn't get work. Isn't that right?

"Well, when Marty's old man died, Marty got work down in the foundry doing little jobs a kid could do.

"One day—he'd been there a few years while I was doing time—an iron beam fell on him and did something queer to his back. No, I don't know what it was. The doctors at Bellevue had a lot of long names for it, but they didn't do Marty's back any good. I was calling on him every day and fetching him things what I could get, until they said Marty should go to the Island.

"That near broke his heart 'cause he knew it meant he never was to be cured, and was to live over there in the hospital all his life. I saw him crying



one day when I went to Bellevue, and it near set me crazy.

“Well, I went to the boss doctor of the hospital and asks why had Marty to go to the Island, and he says because he had no home to go to. That set me thinking. I got something that day—never mind how—and I rented a room and went to the boss and said I’d take Marty home with me. I showed him the room-rent receipt, and showed him the money to hire a carriage to take Marty home in, and they let me have him.

“It was a little room just under the roof, with a step-ladder running up to a glass skylight which had a sliding window.

“I told Marty I was working, and lied about what my job was, and all about it. If he knew how it was it would have made him feel terrible bad,

'cause, you see, he was so square. The worst of it was, that even when I had money I couldn't stay home with him, 'cause then he'd see I wasn't working, and that would make him feel terrible bad. I wanted to stay home, too, 'cause I knew he was lonely, lying there on his back all day, so weak he couldn't hold up a book or paper to read.

"I was on Fifth avenue one day, away up by the Park, kind of looking round to see if anything would come my way, when a young swell comes along with a bull terrier. The dog was a beauty. I saw the swell hadn't owned him long, for the dog wasn't friendly with him. I don't know just how it was, but all of a sudden it strikes me what good company the dog would be for Marty, and I sneaks up and grabs it. I made the chase all right, for I

don't think the swell missed the dog until I was out of sight.

"I waited until it was time for me to be home from 'work,' and I goes to our room and puts the dog on Marty's bed.



"Of course, dogs are better than most men, but Marty was as good as a dog, and those two took to each other from the time they looked straight into each other's eyes. Honest, it is a wonder the way they were chums from the first minute I put the dog on the bed. I told Marty I'd found the dog and would look out for an advertisement for it, and return it. Well, the advertisement came all right, and there were pieces in the paper about the prize win-

ner the swell had paid a thousand for, being lost. The reward kept jumping up every day until it was '\$250 and no questions.'

"The day that happened, I only had enough money to get the cheapest kind of food for Marty and the dog, and I made up my mind I'd return the dog and get a lot of nice things for Marty.



"I'll tell you why I didn't. When I went to our room I thought first Marty had gone crazy, for he was laughing like nothing was the matter with his back, and there

was no pains in his head.

"Comfort—that was the name Marty give the dog, for Marty was educated and knew a lot of words—Comfort was on the bed doing all the tricks you ever

heard of. Marty told me Comfort could climb the ladder, slide back the window and go on the roof. Honest, while Marty was telling this, the dog was looking at him with his head on one side and his eyes cocked up knowing, and when Marty stopped, the dog ran up the ladder and was doing all his stunts on the skylight. Every once in awhile Comfort would stop his tricks and stand with his forefeet on the edge of the skylight, grinning, and his ears cocked, like he was saying: 'How do you like that, Marty?'

"Then he'd dance all over the tin roof and make a noise like it was raining. When it was terrible hot up there, Marty would say: "Let's have a rain-storm, Comfort,' and the dog would go up on the roof and patter around with his claws on the tin till Marty would call him down.

“So I didn’t take the dog back for the reward.

“That was the way it was till Marty—till the end.

“When I could get the money I’d have a paid doctor, but Marty said not to. He knew it was coming, but he never showed he was getting punishment. Comfort seemed to know too, and I guess he stopped sleeping at all, for if Marty would make a move at night that wouldn’t frighten a fly, Comfort would be at his side as quick as me ; kind of kissing his hand and making little talks to him, you know, the way dogs do.

“Well, Marty quit one night ; one hand in mine and one on Comfort’s neck. The wagon came for him—I hadn’t any money that time for a hearse—and when the men took him out of the room Comfort went up on the roof.

I was standing on the sidewalk while they were putting Marty in the wagon, when some people said : ' Look at the dog !'

" Comfort was on the edge of the roof looking down, and as the men shut the door of the wagon on Marty the dog jumped. I broke my arm here, trying to



catch him, but he struck the sidewalk. He licked my hand when I picked him up, and tried to tell me he did it on purpose to die—and then he died.

“The officer who came up for the crowd recognized the dog, and I’ll get six months to-day for stealing him. Well, I did steal him, and I’ll say so now ; for Marty’s gone, and he never knew.”



GUARDIANS OF THE LAW.



GUARDIANS OF THE LAW



THE life which goes to make the seamy side of the Tenderloin was, in those days, scattered through the district south of Washington Square. Cora was of that life, and in her earliest days there, when she was young and beautiful—for she was beautiful, even up to the time of the great tragedy in her life—she was the district's most conspicuous figure. Her wild, tumultuous career furnished gossip for the streets and cafés, as much as

the scandal of her downfall, only a few years before, furnished gossip for the boudoirs and clubs.

She had not been long in the old Tenderloin before she was in the power of the blackmailers, who, appointed guardians of law and order, instigated disorder and lawlessness that they might the more profit.

That part of Cora's story was told to the world when the State Senate sent to New York some of its members, commissioned to make inquiry into the methods of the guardians of the law, and who uncovered such a hideous system of pitiless blackmail and oppression that they withdrew in dismay, their task half done ; but that half served to work a political revolution.

Cora had been made to pay more than the price of "protection" in her calling ; had been forced also to pay

the police a large price for not giving up her child to "the Society."

That child, the pretty eight-year old boy, Cora would not part with even to those who came to her from the other life from which she had fallen, and offered for the family's sake to take little Frank and give him a home where he would never see her again and learn to forget her. She drove those people from her with fury. The child was hers! It was the only creature on earth she loved—who loved her! Part with him? No! with her life first!

But the police knew another way. "Give us money," they said, "or we'll have the child taken from you by the law—the law we represent."

She raved in awful passion, but she was helpless; so she gave them her earnings and kept her child. But they wanted more. She could earn

more. "Go and earn more ; we want more."

Then the time came when she could not give all that was demanded, for the greed of her hounding tyrants grew, and they arrested her and took the boy with them to the police station.

They would make a conspicuous example of her. The women of the district must be taught that these threats were not idle ; that unless they paid they would be treated like Cora.

She fought with frenzy in the police station ; and when they took the boy away, and she heard him cry after her, and called on her not to let them give him to "the Society" he had learned to dread, she went mad.

"Give him to me," she shrieked. "He is honest born. Here is the ring. See! Here's the ring on my finger. It's all you have not robbed me of.



Dear God ! Dear God ! Don't let them take the boy ! He's honest born. I'm not honest, but, dear God, let me have my boy !"

She was sent away for six months because she was not an honest woman, and the police who sent her away profited much, for the women of the district knew the threats against them could be carried out, and they paid—paid their lives.

When Cora returned from her first banishment she tried to learn where her boy was. There was none to tell her. Had she been honest they could have refused her, but who was she to ask questions about what the law had done ? The officers of that law drove her from street to street and warned her not to talk about her boy, or they would banish her again. Then Cora felt that she had been deserted by God as well as

by man, and she cursed Him, and sank out of sight of all but the lowest, cursing Him.

It is pitiful that she was doomed to exist so long, in such a life, but so she lived for twenty years, until she was dragged forth into the



light of day; one of the sodden things who sullenly mumbled their stories to the grave Senators, and instantly sank out of sight again. Out of sight of all but the guardians of the law, for once again she was brought before a Police Magistrate.

He knew her. All the court attendants knew her; quarreling, fighting,

drunken Cora. Even the young policeman who appeared before the Magistrate knew of her, though he had never before arrested her. When he had told his story she struck him in the face and made his mouth bleed.

"Prefer an additional charge against her for assault," said the Magistrate.

"I don't mind," said the officer, wiping the blood from his lips. "She didn't hurt me. I'd rather not, Your Honor."

"I order you to!" shouted the Magistrate. "It will allow me to send her away so much longer."

The officer went over to the clerk to make the charge, and an old Sergeant stepped up to the Magistrate and whispered to him: "Excuse me, Judge, but I wish you wouldn't make the arresting officer prefer that charge."

"Why?"

“Well, Judge, he doesn’t know ;
neither does she ; but—well, Cora is his
mother.”



A DINNER OF REGRETS.





IN GEORGE MARSDEN'S manhood his college days remained his one sentimental memory, undimmed as the hard working years went by—growing deeper and more vivid indeed, like the thoughts of a boyish love in one whose later years bring no rival romance. His college had been his boyish love, in which his classmates shared the wealth and ardor of his affections. They never guessed this, for the shy, scholarly Westerner had no intimates, and belonged to no set. His slight lameness kept him out of all athletics, and his meagre allowance gave him no

place in the club and society life of the college.

He was as little known as any man of his class, yet no man knew more about his fellows than did Marsden, as his rapturous letters to his mother told.

She had come from college people, and persisted in the long struggle which was necessary to overcome her husband's reluctance to send their only child "back East," for what in his opinion was a useless and extravagant education. The boy ought to go into the mill as he had done, said the father; but the mill was making thousands of dollars now where it had been making hundreds then. So the mother urged and had her way; but the rich mill man was obdurate in the matter of spending money, and George was supposed, by any of his classmates who ever gave



the matter a passing thought, to be a poor man's son, struggling for an education.

To George, however, those four years were a period of romance, of ideal existence, from which he returned to his home with such emotions as would have been more comprehensible had he parted from a promised sweetheart for whom he was going out into the world to make a fortune.

His life was instinct with some such thought, too, for he entered eagerly into the never-ending hard grind of his father's business, saying to himself, "I will make myself rich to endow my college ; to go to New York, where so many of my classmates are, and become one of their society ; renew with them all those dear associations."

With his mother he talked over the men of his class until she, like him,

called them all by their first names, and would tell him eagerly the news of their doings, which she obtained from eastern papers she took for that purpose. In that way—for he corresponded with none of them—he knew of Jack's marriage, of Tom's renown as a polo player, that Harry was commodore of a yacht club; of the business successes and failures, and of the social ambitions achieved—all that became newspaper gossip about the men of his class.

For fifteen years there was no chance to reunite with those old and romantic associations. The mill business grew until it wore out the elder Marsden, and a year after his death, the widow and son, released at last from the slavery of accumulation, willingly closed with the offer of a syndicate to take over the vast money-making plant, and welcomed the opportunity of going to New York.



They were very rich now, these people whose domestic and social life had been on the scale of one of their thousands of skilled laborers ; and the greatest pleasure their wealth gave them was in anticipating the joy of a dream to be realized when George should resume the romance of his college life.

Before they started George wrote twenty letters to the men whose New York business, residence or club addresses were known to him.

As soon as he had registered at the Waldorf he asked eagerly for his mail, and was shocked when he learned that there was none.

His mother reminded him reassuringly that they had followed so soon after his own letters no answers could be expected for a day or so. He consulted the hotel's city and club directories and found that he had made

several errors in the addresses, and in these instances he wrote again. It was his mother who suggested that when he heard from his friends he should arrange a reunion dinner. The maître d'hôtel was called into consultation. He was not much interested at first. A dinner for about twenty in a private dining room? He would arrange it if M'sieu would be pleased to state about how much per plate he would wish the dinner to cost.

"The question of price is not to be considered," said George, flushing a little. "I am going to entertain some old college friends, and no expense is to be spared in the matter either of dinner, wines, music or flowers."

The maître d'hôtel was immediately vastly interested. He would prepare a menu and submit it with suggestions as to music and decorations. For what

evening should he reserve a dining room?

George glanced questioningly at his mother, who remarked after a pause: "A week from to-night. We will leave the details to you."

"Bien, Madame. I will arrange all. A week from to-night," said the maître d'hôtel, bowing his departure.



The next day George loitered in the lobby, anxiously watching every arrival of mail, and eagerly asking for his. There was none. Once he saw enter and go to the café a man whom he recognized as a class-mate, but he met the man's unwitting gaze, hesitated, stopped and returned to his seat. He felt his heart throbbing as if he had been cut by a woman he

loved; but he said to himself: "Of course he would not recognize me, bearded as I am. He looks the same though, just the same as he did the last time I saw him, carried on the fellows' shoulders with the rest of the winning crew."

The next morning there was a letter. It ran thus:

"DEAR MARSDEN:—I am glad to hear you are returning to civilization. Whenever you are in town look me up at one of the clubs to which I am sending you cards."

This was signed with the name of the man he had seen at the hotel.

"He knew I was there, then," mused George mournfully, "and though he was in the very hotel he did not ask for me."



A later mail brought him visitor's cards for three clubs.

He talked the situation over with his mother, who advised that formal invitations to the dinner be sent to his classmates, and George acted upon the advice ; tempering the formality, however, with expressions of the pleasure he anticipated in renewing the acquaintance of his expected guests.

On the following day there came a dozen formal regrets, almost identical in wording, and one effusive acceptance. No responses whatever were received from the rest of his invitations.

Mrs. Marsden and George supposed that those who had not declined would come, so no alteration was made in the dinner order.

"Some of the fellows who declined may drop in after the other engagements they speak of," said George

hopefully, "so we'll have the table prepared for them all."

Frank Homer, the man who accepted, was the only one who came to the dinner. He was received in Mrs. Marsden's parlor, for the widow had expressed an eager desire to meet her son's friends.

Homer was faultlessly dressed and he was demonstratively polite in his greetings. While they still supposed that other guests would arrive, Homer was plied with questions about the men of the class, and though his answers were glibly given, his listeners soon discovered that they were random guesses.

As the time passed and it became evident that the others were not coming, Homer's confidence and assertiveness grew. George was sick at heart when, a half hour after dinner had been

announced, he said, with a forced laugh:

“Well, Homer, you and I will begin the feast without waiting for the others.”

The idea crossed his mind of abandoning the private dining room and taking his single guest to the café, but he could not give up the belief that others would come; so the two men sat down to a table prepared for twenty-one.

The host was overcome much more by sorrow than by mortification. His mind refused to realize the truth, and devised almost whimsical excuses—causes which could suddenly affect a dozen of his expected guests; possibly he had misdated his invitations.

For a time he was almost unconscious of Homer's presence, and did not notice his guest's amazing consump-



tion of wine until he was suddenly aroused to the other's condition by his insolent braggadocio.

It must have been his instinct, for he had no experience in such matters, which then revealed Homer to him in his true character—a drunken sponger.

The distressing dinner came to a close at last, when Homer, after a third glass of brandy, ordered a waiter to bring him pen and ink. The waiter obeyed, and Homer, taking a blank check from his pocket, filled it out, saying to the waiter : “ Take that to the office and

have it cashed for me," but turned instantly to George and said : " Perhaps you have the amount in your pocket, old man, it's only a hundred."

Marsden silently handed the bills to his guest, who pocketed them and then, filling a champagne glass with brandy, said with a grin :

" Pardon me for not having congratulated you before, old man, on the sale of your mills. I saw an account of it in a financial paper, so I know that this sum is a mere trifle to you."

Marsden, with sudden determination said stiffly :

" May I ask if that is why you accepted my invitation to dinner ?"

Homer took up his brandy and drank it before he replied :

" Why, old chap, you've been square with me, so I don't mind telling you that I came to your dinner because I

should have gone without one, otherwise."

Marsden only half suppressed a bitter sigh. Homer regarded his host a moment with a pitying smile and then said :

"That check of mine may come back to you marked 'No Funds,' it's a way my checks have, so I'll square accounts by giving you some valuable advice : The next time you get up a class dinner, let me know a little in advance, and I'll send the boys marked copies of that financial paper. Then you won't have any regrets."

**THE NIGHT ELEVATOR MAN'S
STORY.**



THE NIGHT ELEVATOR STORY HANS



“YOU seen her here, eh? She was a pretty kid, too, for sure. Lots of people asked me why I had her in the elevator here with me. No, not lots, you know, cause there ain't lots what ride in this elevator ; but nearly everyone what did wanted to know all about the kid. I didn't tell them mostly, cause when she was asleep I didn't like to talk and wake her up, so I just didn't say nothing.

“It was like this that I first fetched

her in the elevator : I was passing by her floor and heard her cry. Well, I took my passenger up to the floor above, and coming down I heard her cry again. It wasn't a cry like the kid was hurted, or I'd gone in the room right away. It was, you know, like the kid was scared, see ? Well, I came down to the ground floor landing and tried to read my paper, but all I could do was just to hear that kid a-crying. I couldn't hear it for fair, you know ; I couldn't hear it right, I mean, but I could hear it, just the same. Kind of in my mind I could hear it, you know.

“ Well, I kept making a bluff at reading my paper, but all the time I wasn't doing a thing but just hearing in my mind that kid up there on the fifth floor, crying like it was scared—frightened, you know.

“ After a bit I couldn't stand for it

no longer, so I just pulled up to the fifth and listened, and there was the kid crying—sobbing, you know—and for sure, just as I'd heard it in my mind, see?

“ Say, it wasn't my business all right, but I just let myself in with the pass-key, and I goes to the crib where the kid was, and I gives it a jolly, see? ‘ What's the matter with us, kiddie?’ says I ; and say, she catches my hand with one of her soft little hands, and says, you know, with her little kid kind of talk, she says that the bogy man was after her.

“ So I says what bogy man ; and she says the bogy man her mamma told her would catch her if she wasn't a good little girl, and kept still all the time her mamma was away.

“ I had to leave her then, for some one was ringing up the elevator ; but

when I'd took the passenger to his floor I goes back to the kid, and she was crying worse than before, so I grabs her up, with a blanket and takes her out in the elevator with me.

“ Say, she liked that up to the limit.



We talked with each other to beat the band, and I told her stories till she went to sleep on the long seat there.

“ I got her to bed and all tucked in before her mother come home, and it wasn't very early at that.

“ People in this kind of apartment house don't always come home too

early, and there ain't much talk about it when they do—particular the women.

“Well, the next night I heard the kid crying again and, say, honest, she was calling my name.

“‘Dannie,’ she was saying ; ‘Dannie tum take me, Dannie.’ Say, you know that fetches me quick. It was the same story again ; her mother had told her the bogy man would come and bite her hands off if she made any noise, and she was crying because she thought the bogy man was there.

“I took her out in the elevator again, wrapped up in the blanket, and then she says, comfy as a bull pup on a fur rug ; ‘Tell me a story, Dannie,’ says she.

“Well, I never thought I could make up so many yarns as I did for that kid. You know, yarns about fairies what are in books printed for

kids. I never read any of those books myself until I bought one for her; and she never had none until I bought that one. I read the stories all day until I knew them for fair, and they were not so bad, even for me, at that. Then I'd tell her the stories, and make up others about the mugs—the folks, I mean—what were in the book.

“That was because I got to taking her out to the elevator every night. The housekeeper told me that the mother mostly slept all day, and, to keep the kid quiet, the mother would make her dopey in the day time, and that was the reason the kid couldn't sleep at night.

“I wasn't minding it, cause I got to want the kid with me as much as the kid wanted to come.

“We was getting great chums. We



near wore out that fairy book, and she knew all the stories in it for fair, as well as me; and every night in the long hours when nobody almost used the elevator, I'd make up new yarns till she'd go to sleep as quiet as a kitten, there on the seat where you seen her.

"One night I showed her a picture in a paper, and it was about a little kid what was playing with a doll—you know, a little kid about her size. She looks at the picture a long time, and when I'd told her about a hundred stories about it, she says, 'Dannie, what's a doll?'

"Honest, that breaks me all up. I wasn't brought up too fine myself, but for sure I seen plenty of dolls, even in our tenement, which this house would buy twenty of them.

"Well, the next day I bought a doll,

and some dresses for it, and, say, you should seen the kid that night! She wouldn't go to sleep, and my stories



wasn't in it, a little bit. She dressed and undressed that doll a million times, and loved it till it was near busted to pieces.

“That kind of fetches me, you know—kind of fetches me silly. I wondered what kind of woman the kid's mother could be, but I never found out. She skipped—but left the kid behind.

“I was for taking the kid home with

me, 'cause, you see, she didn't seem to care about her mother being gone so long as she could ride up and down, up and down in the elevator with Dannie, and play with the doll, and hear my stories—you know, the yarns I'd make up for her about the fairy folks in the book.

"But the cop on this beat heard of the case and reported it to the Society. A Gerry agent came and took the kid. He had a paper—you know—a paper from the Court House, so I had to let her go.

"She cried a good bit, but I gave her the raggy doll and the worn book, and—and—say, it's kind of lonesome riding up and down here at night without her, 'cause I can hear her cry—not for fair, you know, but my mind can hear her when I tries to read my paper—and can't."

BY WHOM THE OFFENCE COMETH.





LENA'S father and mother, with three children, one older and one younger than Lena, came to New York and went to live in Ludlow Street, a little below Hester, when she was six years old. They took two rooms; one having windows opening on the tenement court, the other, an inside room without light; and they let the dark room to three boarders, men who came over on the ship with them.

The father rented two sewing machines, and he and his wife, the two older children and the three boarders began making clothing for the man who had rented them the machines. Lena helped at first pulling threads, and in a little while did some of the hand-sewing. But her father learned that nearly all the families in the neighborhood sent at least one child to school, that there might be a member who could speak English ; and so it was determined to send Lena to school. This was not decided upon until it was found that the younger sister, four and a half years old, could pull threads, and might soon be taught to do the rough sewing Lena had done, and that Lena, herself, by beginning at daylight and working till school time, and working after school until dark, could still toil five or six hours a day on the sweaters' task,



and thus her labor was not wholly lost to the family.

Lena learned rapidly to speak, read, and write English—so rapidly, that her father would have taken her from school when she was eight years old, but for the further advantage of having one in the family with sufficient knowledge of figures to keep a check on the sweater. This outweighed the immediate gain of another pair of hands always in the work-shop home to help in the constant, endless battle against eviction and starvation. These were the reasons Lena was not taken from school until she was ten years old. Then she returned to the all-day work with the other members of the family and the three boarders; eight toilers in one room which had such daylight as struggled through the murky court.

The schoolroom had been so over-

crowded that the Health Board was always complaining to the School Board, which complained to the Aldermen, who complained to the Legislature, which sent Investigating Committees, which wrote illuminative Reports which enlightened no one because they were not read; but that swarm of toiling men, women and children in one small room, where five of them slept and all of them ate, was worse than anything Lena ever endured at school. The life was hideously repulsive to her. She rebelled.

Her father tore his beard and cursed the day when he had been so blind a fool as to allow a child of his to be taught to despise her station, to imbibe wicked, extravagant notions, unfitting her to do in silence and without complaint all that her strength permitted. That was her lot in life. How



else were they to live? He wept aloud. Why should Lena rebel that so many of them worked and ate and slept in but two rooms? Why should she reproach him with the boarders, while her sisters did not? How else did their neighbors live?

So Lena toiled on, sullenly silent, rebellious only within.

In summer, the hours were cruelly long; all worked from daylight to dark, dumb, sombre, hopeless, through the sweltering days; men, women and children half naked in the torture of the heat. But when not a ray of daylight remained to guide another stitch, Lena would leave the others gasping at the open windows or in the poisonous court, or in the reeking street littered with withered children and foul garbage, and hurry to the river front, where boys and girls, not much older than

she, met in wayward freedom, breathed fresh air, danced on the dock, and drank beer when any of the young men had money.



There was one young man, ferret-faced, coward-eyed, who often had money. He gave Lena scarf-pins and other valuable trinkets which he told her to pawn; and she would do so and divide the money with him. She did not know

at first that he was a thief, but she guessed it when she saw that at a signal from the lookout, warning them of a policeman's approach, he would slip like a rat into the river and disappear under one of the wharves.

One night, she was not quite fourteen years old then, Lena did not go home.

It was two weeks before the oldest sister learned, and told her father, that Lena had taken up with a pickpocket, not of their race.

It came of her being educated beyond her class; made dissatisfied with her lot among her people! The father spoke, dry-eyed and solemn, as one who pronounces doom: henceforth there was no sister Lena, and it was to be as if there never had been. But the mother's work was splashed with tears for many days, although she did not mention that child—her brightest, her fairest, her best-beloved—ever again.

Lena, and Bat the pickpocket, lived in many places, but always west of the Bowery, for she wished not to meet any of her people, and she knew they never went further west than that thoroughfare. Sometimes the two left the city hurriedly and went to live across one of

the rivers, where Bat would hide in their rooms for days. At such times Lena would pawn the trinkets and clothes Bat had given her, and when the money she got in that way was gone, if Bat had word from New York that he could not yet leave his hiding, Lena would go to the big stores and steal.

Once, when there was a great parade on Fifth Avenue, Bat took Lena with him by devious west-side ways to Washington Square. He skulked like a wolf about the lower side of the Square until the police were called away from the protection of his prey to clear the Avenue for the parade. Then he slipped suddenly, stealthily, into the crowd on the end of the Avenue, and was soon passing stolen booty to Lena following close, her heart throbbing. Besides taking the stuff he passed to her, Lena's



duties were to signal at the approach of the police, to watch the men Bat robbed, and if any gave alarm before Bat was at a safe distance, she was to pretend to faint close to the victim, thus drawing around him a denser crowd, so that he could not give pursuit.

They worked along the lower end of the Avenue, and in spite of the strain and excitement of this terrible hazard, some vagrant perception of Lena's, unenlisted in the main purpose of her mind, thrilled at the rare spring beauty of the Square, at the blissful peace suggested by the calm and stately old houses, which then were settings for such loveliness as she had not dreamed woman could express. She had never seen, never fancied anything like this. Once the tense tragedy of the seconds slipped wholly from her mind as her

furtive gaze was caught and fascinated by the picture at an open window of a fair, pure-browed girl, joyous with the stirring pomp of the passing pageant. Suddenly, as Lena gazed, she saw that radiant young face pale with shock as an officer gripped the shoulder of a white-faced thief in the crowd; and that same instant the outcast's glimpse of Paradise was ended by Bat's signal to her to escape.

Bat was sent away to prison for a long time. When he was sentenced Lena had tried to kiss him good-by, but he had cursed her for her stupid inattention which had resulted in his arrest.

Lena left the court-room penniless, for of course all that the pawn shops yielded had been given to Bat, and she could not steal, as the police were watching her closely. Something drew her to the Chinese restaurant in Mott



street which she had frequented with Bat. She thought it was hunger, and because she could get credit there ; but when Chung, the proprietor, brought her tea and food she could not eat. Yet she was racked by appetite—a tumult of bodily demand, a horrible, unsatiated craving !

“The habit is on you. You wantee pipe,” said Chung the experienced, observing.

“Yes, my God, opium !” the girl gasped, clutching the Chinaman in sudden, fierce joy at the understanding of her desire.



“Chung velly good man. Him give you pipe all you wantee, and plittee clo', heap plittee clo'.” Chung said this to her some hours afterward.

For a year Lena was one of the white slaves in Chinatown. She and the other white slaves, as they visited each other to smoke opium and languidly discuss their chances of "lasting" much longer, would laugh sometimes at the stories that their owners had guards on the outskirts of the Chinese quarter to prevent their escape.

"Nothing could drive us away from here—away from the pipes—but the



Morgue wagon," they would say as they laughed.



Lena did not seem to be "lasting." Chung observed this with Oriental equanimity, and told her one day, when she said she could not get up to dress, that she had to; she must go, for he had another slave. Lena protested feebly. Then he beat her, and she said she would go. Some of the other women helped her to dress and she dragged herself away. She was going to some friends she said.

It was just such a bright spring day as that on which Bat had been arrested. In her half-torpor she longed to see again that beautiful, fresh green Square, and the quiet, peaceful old homes. Perhaps, too, she would see that pure-browed girl who looked as the angels must look. She tried to hurry, but could not, and it was dark when she reached Washington Square. She was very tired and weak, but when she

stopped to rest the police ordered her to move on. She crossed the Square slowly, painfully ; and the young French and Italian mothers, out in the open there with their babies, sighed

and looked sorrowfully after her when they had seen her face in the flashes of the electric lights.



More slowly, more painfully, Lena dragged herself up the avenue to the house where she had seen the beautiful girl, and now when she saw its win-

dows closed and shaded she moaned, and wandered on aimlessly. But when



she had walked a few blocks further all her strength had ebbed and she staggered against a stately, church-like building, sagged and sank down and died. Two men turning to enter the building held the skirts of their coats aside that they might not touch the poor, huddled figure. They were going in to a meeting of the Board of Foreign Missions to urge the sending forth of more men to teach in distant lands the gospel of Jesus Christ.





THE REWARD OF MERIT.





“GET to work or get out of here.”

“Well, I have a right to wages if I work.”

“You get your bed and board and clothes. What more do you want? If I gave you a licking, I guess you wouldn’t be so funny about wages.”

“Kids that sell papers and black boots get more than I do; they have the price of a theatre ticket once in a while. I don’t.”

The latter speaker was a sharp-faced lad of sixteen or eighteen years, judging from his stature and slight, unset frame. He had the look of a man; a very knowing man; an ugly, vicious

man just then, for he was scowling sullenly at the Chatham Square saloon-keeper, his father, with whom he was talking.

Larry, the boy, was seated at one of the drinking tables, slouched down



deep in his chair, his hat dragged over his eyes so low that his head was thrown far back as he glared at his father, who was standing at the end of the bar, near the heavy beer keg cooler.

A customer entered, sat down at one of the tables and ordered a glass of

beer. When Mike Golden had drawn the beer he motioned Larry to serve it, but the lad shrugged his shoulders and slouched towards the door. The father suddenly turned, picked up a light bar glass and threw it at his son. It struck him in the back, but evidently did not hurt him. He opened the door and held it open as he turned and said, "That settles it. You can pay wages to some one to do my work ; and don't you forget this : I'll get even with you."

Then he went out of the place.

Golden did not seem angry ; not even much annoyed. He swore a little at his son, and remarked to the customer : " That's the thanks a man gets for bringing up a kid like a gentleman. He never had to do a stroke of work for a living—only help around here a little. He's smart enough to get into

something good—something in your line—for he can write elegant, and spell any word you give him. His mother was that way—educated. Anything on this morning?”

“Yes, I’m staked out here for Billy. He’s got a come-on from New Jersey that I’m to steer to the turning joint.”

Mike Golden’s place was a headquarters for “green-goods” swindlers. Victims were brought there by members of the gang, who met them by appointment in some neighboring town, took them to Golden’s and introduced them to other men, who took them to the “turning joint,” the place where the victims exchanged good money for waste paper. It was a profitable business for Golden, as it not only brought him liberal customers, but he was financially interested in the swindle.

His neighbors envied him, not alone

for the immediate profit he was known to make, but also because his connection with the swindlers insured him immunity from police interference and blackmail, to which his less fortunate neighbors were sorely subjected.

Larry wandered down Park row musing on his fortunes. There was nothing very desperate in his case ; he could return, he knew, to his father's place, as he had returned before, and suffer nothing more than a severe thrashing for his mutiny.

But he disliked the prospect of that more now than he ever had before. Why, too, he asked himself, should he be kept at work around the saloon with no money for amusement, except the little change he could steal from drunken or careless customers ? Many of these customers themselves were little more than boys, certainly only a

few years older than he ; yet they sometimes had pockets full of money they got by swindling games, or stealing. He was as clever as any of them, yet his only opportunities were in stealing their change !

He bought a bundle of afternoon papers and started up Broadway. He had done that many times, yet there was a new purpose in his mind now, and it was so sudden and intense, it showed in his face so plainly, that genuine newsboys he passed whispered to each other, " Fake !"

Larry did not call out his papers until he was in the comparatively quiet streets of the wholesale dry-goods district west of Broadway. He sold to several customers, who handed him exact change for the purchases, before he was stopped by an elderly man, evidently a merchant, who, after fum-

bling in an outside pocket of his top-coat for pennies which he could not find, unbuttoned the coat and brought out a dollar bill from an inside pocket, saying :

“Can you make change, boy?”

“Yes, sir.”

Larry's eyes were fixed on the heavy gold watch chain crossing the merchant's waistcoat. He pretended to be hampered in making change by his bundle of papers.

“Will you hold them, please?” he said, offering his bundle to the man, and forcing a smile into his face, which he suddenly felt to be bloodless and drawn.



The man who still held his dollar bill in one hand, good-naturedly took the papers in the other, and at that instant Larry made a quick, sharp jerk at the chain. Something parted ; he felt the watch swinging in his hand, and he darted away, turning around a loaded truck just as the man gave his first cry : " Stop thief ! "

Porters, clerks, truckmen, rushed first to the robbed man and then in the direction they were told Larry had taken, toward Broadway. Larry had doubled around two or three trucks and darted into a doorway, from which he soon emerged with others attracted from within by the excitement ; and when Broadway was reached he was lagging behind in the crowd which supposed it was pursuing him.

* * * *



It was nearly midnight, and the head of the green-goods gang was in Golden's saloon, drinking with the proprietor, and making a settlement of the day's profits. The Jerseyman had only bought two hundred dollars worth of green goods, and Golden's share—twenty dollars—had just been paid to him, when a policeman entered the place, nodded familiarly to Golden and his companion, and motioned the former to follow him into a back room. There he said, laughing :

“Your kid is up against it, Mike.”

“Larry?”

“Yes, he pinched a watch and shoved it at Sampson's for five dollars. He could have got twenty if he'd known his business.”

The officer laughed pleasantly again.

Golden did not seem to see the

humor of the story, for he scowled and said, with an oath :

“How much to fix it?”

“Oh, as it's you, Sampson only wants ten, and ten will do me.”

Golden gave the officer the twenty dollar bill he had just received, and asked :

“Have you located Larry?”

“Easy; at the Tivoli Theatre. Do you want him?”

“Yes, damn him, I want him,” the father replied, angrily.

In an hour the boy was brought to the saloon. He was more rebellious and sullen, than frightened.

“I'll take the nonsense out of you, my boy,” his father said.

Golden had told Tom, the green-goods man, the story, and Tom had been impressed with the spirit displayed by the boy.

"What are you going to do with him, Mike?" he asked.

"Why, I'm going to hammer the hide off his back."

"What for?"

"What for? It cost me twenty dollars to square the job. That's what for."

"But that isn't the boy's fault. Next time he'll know enough to come to you and find out where there's a safe fence to put a watch up in. Hasn't a boy got to learn?"

"Well, I'll teach him not to learn at my expense."

Tom regarded the boy amiably a moment and then said:

"Your old man tells me that you are keen at writing, and spelling, and figures, Larry."

"I am; but what good does that do me serving beer?" Larry responded,

regarding his questioner hopefully, for his shrewd mind had half divined the purpose of the question.

"I'll tell you what, Mike," the other man said. "I can give the boy a chance. We need another letter writer, and if Larry can do the trick there's fair pay in it, anyway. Don't lick him this time. He's got good spirit and nerve, and it ain't right to break them. He'll need them in our game."

So Larry was soon at work copying forms of letters which are sent out to inquiring gullibles, setting forth the advantages of dealing in green goods.

Pretty soon he ventured improvements on the forms ; and before a year he was considered the best composer of letters in the gang. Then he was tried at other work ; piloting "come-ons" to the city ; steering them to the turning joint, and in both kinds of work his



calm nerve distinguished him as a superior in his profession.

Tom, the leader, remained his patron and promoted his interests until the most difficult work of all was assigned to Larry—that whereby worthless paper is substituted for the decoy package of good money on which the victim has feasted his greedy, dishonest eyes.

Now Larry is the assistant manager of the most prosperous “green-goods” concern in New York ; and as an evidence of his power and influence he deprived his father at one time of the patronage of the business.”

“ I told you I'd get even with you,” he replied when his father begged Larry not to ruin him in his old age.

Don' t do me wrong like that, Larry,” his father said, whimpering.

The successful young man relented after a while, and restored the patron-



age to his father, saying:

"I just wanted to show you that I knew my business when I told you I was above stealing small change from little crooks. I'm a gentleman, I am."

"You are, Larry, my boy, and I'm proud of you."



THE HOUSE OF YELLOW BRICK.





IN the lower part of Pell street there is a house the people of the block call the "yellow brick." Nearly all the houses thereabout are brick, and many of them are painted yellow, but this one alone is so called. It may be that it is the only house that has been painted within the memory of the oldest resident of the quarter, and so took its name ; for an event of the kind would be much talked of, and become a part of the Chinatown folk lore.

Now, for example, in this matter of tradition, which becomes folk lore in the quarter: Kate never knew the woman who was strangled to death by

a Chinaman in the yellow brick ; neither did the woman Kate succeeded in the



back room up two flights ; nor did that woman's predecessor know the strangled woman, yet

they all frequently told the story, talked about it, thought about it, dreamed about it. It occurred ten years ago, and Kate was the fourth tenant of the room since then, for the women live only about three years after they go into the quarter.

Some live longer—much longer—if they do not “get the habit ;” do not become slaves of the opium pipe. But there are few who do not indulge themselves in the delight of forgetfulness. And who shall condemn them for this lesser sin which enables them to escape—if only in dreams—the hideous greater



tragedy of their lives? Yet because it is known to kill most of its white devotees more quickly than all their other vices, they weakly fight the opium habit, and many are killed by it while still maintaining the pathetic fiction that they are not its victims.

"I'll never get the habit," Kate said to the woman who occupied the room inside of hers. That inside room was totally without natural light or ventilation, unless Kate, as she sometimes did, lighted and ventilated it by opening a door which connected the rooms, and gave the two tenants an opportunity for social visits.

"I'll never get the habit," she repeated to Julie, "for they say you go terrible fast after you get the habit. Is it so, Julie?"

Julie gave a quick glance at Kate, saw the half wistful, half frightened

look in her young face, and then answered carelessly, "Oh, there's them as says the pipe isn't so bad as that. The Chinamen smokes all their lives and no harm."

"But they say that's because they are Chinamen, and that whites is always done by it."

Julie made no reply at once. She was boiling a tin pot of coffee on the little stove. Kate had sent out to No. Sixteen an hour ago for the coffee, but when it came she did not want it ; and Julie, coming in and seeing her condition—for Julie herself was dying of the habit, and knew the signs—urged Kate to drink the coffee, and the girl promised to do so if it was heated again.

"Did you know the girl who was strangled in this room ?" Kate asked, when she had taken the cup of hot



coffee and placed it on the oil-cloth covered table by her side.

"Sure not," Julie replied, laughing. The women of that quarter laugh not infrequently. If you could hear their laughter you would rather hear them weep. "That was ten years ago, and I'm here only three years. How long is this you've been here, Kittie?"

"It's two years come—why, it's two years to-morrow, New Year's day."

"And you was seventeen?"

"Sixteen, then," Kate answered.

"That accounts for the hurry way she's going," Julie said, under her breath, for she knew that the youngest girls succumb quickest in the quarter. She knew that Kate had had the habit only a year, for she did not smoke the first year she was there, and was already dying; whereas Rose, the negro woman who lived on the floor above,

had had the habit four or five years, and was a strong woman yet, to the amazement of the white slaves.

"Drink the coffee, Kittie, it's good for you," Julie said.

Kate stirred the coffee and took a few spoonfuls, plainly to please her companion, and then asked with nervous eagerness :

"Did you go to church on Christmas?"

"Sure I did. I never miss church on Christmas. All the girls were there—nearly all, except you."

"I smoked too much the night before, and didn't wake up at five o'clock."

"We all stayed up so as not to miss early service."

"Was it good?" Kate asked.

"Yes," Julie said; "it was awful good. I got blue and cried." She

laughed a little as she said this, and Kate laughed too.

Rose, the negro woman, came into the room, looked sharply at Kate, and then said to Julie :

“ Won’t she drink the coffee ? ”

“ I don’t want it,” Kate said wearily; but the other women induced her to drink some.

“ I’ll stay up to-night,” she remarked after awhile, “ and go to church at five in the morning.”

“ I wouldn’t smoke, then,” Rose said, “ until after the church. It’s terrible unlucky to be dopey in church. It’s only once in a year that you need to go.”

“ I won’t smoke if you’ll stay with me, Julie, and help me to keep from it,” Kate said. “ I haven’t got the habit, you know—I wouldn’t get it—but I feel terrible like a pipe now. I

won't get ratty if you'll stay, Julie. I'd like to go to church New Year's morning because I remember—no, I won't smoke, or get ratty if you'll stay, Julie."

Kate said this with such fluttering affright and despairing apprehension in her voice that the women exchanged sympathetic glances, and assured her they would remain and aid her in her purpose.



They did stay, and had a hard time keeping the girl from throwing herself out of the window on to the stones of the court below. But by the use of such remedies as they knew, they had Kate asleep for a couple of hours, before, supported by Julie, she started out in the black, chill morning

air to walk to the church on Mott street.

They were on their knees in the back of the church when a woman softly knelt by Julie's side, called her sister, and asked if she might pray for her.

"Speak to her, lady," Julie whis-



pered, motioning to Kate's swaying form. "Speak to her; she's going first—and soon."

The woman drew close to Kate, and put an arm around her, or she would have fallen. She called her sister, and asked her to pray.

Kate looked into the woman's beautiful, beatified face, and answered in a frightened whisper, "I can't, lady."

"Were you never taught?"

"Yes, lady, but I forget—I never forgot until now. Now I forget—you see it was two years ago—will you—will you pray for me?"

The woman held the girl in both of her arms, and whispered prayers for her soul while Kate softly wept and, after a little, remembered a child's prayer, and sobbed it out.

When the early morning service was

over the woman's arm was still round the girl, and it was she, and not Julie, who supported Kate through the gray dawn, in the silent, sullen streets, back to the yellow brick, and up the dark stairs to Kate's room.

"May I come and see you again?" the visitor said, at the door.

"Yes. When?" the girl gasped longingly, as if clutching the woman with her voice.

"To-day. I'll come back at nine o'clock. It will be a New Year's call."

She called at the hour. Julie met her and said, "Some One called before you, lady."

The visitor looked into the room and murmured, "I did not think it would come so soon."

"She might have lived another day, a week, or perhaps a month, but she would not smoke after you left,"

explained Julie. "She told me to say to you, lady—and it was the last thing she said—that she was afraid if she smoked she would forget the prayer you helped her to remember."

THE LITTLE LIFE OF PIETRO.





HE was such a very little boy that the teachers of the Mission School wondered if it would not be necessary to send one of the older scholars for him every day. This was when Maria, his mother, brought him there to ask if he could come every morning and stay until evening.

The gently bred lady who was devoting her life to mission work in the most congested—and therefore the most depraved—district of the East Side, explained that Pietro would be welcome there every day, would be amused and taught, and kept safe while his parents were at work. That was the purpose of the school.

Then she asked the young mother some questions about the nationality, age and employment of herself and husband, as is the custom. The husband and father "worked around," Maria said, and she "worked out." The teacher gave a quick glance at the young woman's hands and asked no further questions about the kind of labor she performed.

Pietro did not have to be sent for, or escorted home. He knew the streets



too well—alas! he knew little else—to be in danger of losing his way. He was old enough to be taught to read, but seemed to be a

slow-witted boy, which was the more

surprising because uncommonly bright and alert eyes lighted up his thin little face.

"We shall be able to make something of Pietro, yet, when we once arouse his mind into any degree of life," the teacher said one day to her assistant, after they had been talking to Pietro, trying to find a point of intelligence on which to begin.

A little later she missed her purse which had been supposedly safe in a usually inaccessible skirt pocket. Pietro was missing, too, although it was an hour before the school's closing time. "We've found the point of intelligence," remarked Miss Hastings, the teacher, with a smile, and she resolved to seek the suspected culprit when the school was dismissed.

She was familiar with the district and soon found Pietro's home, where, in

view of the purpose of her visit, she entered without knocking. She interrupted a family quarrel. Maria's husband had beaten her because she insisted upon returning the pocketbook Pietro had stolen from the teacher.

The woman denied the beating when Miss Hastings entered the little tenement room. Of course it was her duty to do so, but her husband, being both drunk and angry, was indiscreet, and said defiantly that he had whipped his wife, and had done so because she wanted to take the money Pietro had "found." He wanted the money to buy food for his little boy.

The child, hearing this, laughed. He had a bottle in his hand which he was waiting to take out and have filled with gin. That was the kind of "food" the father wanted to buy, and as the child was actually hungry, the lie made

him laugh and sneer ; an expression of emotion not agreeable in a boy of Pietro's age—if you ever happen to hear it.

Maria handed the purse to Miss Hastings, and said : " Well, then, he did lick me 'cause I wouldn't let him blow in the stuff the kid pinched off you, lady. I wonder the father wouldn't have more respect than that—you being good to the kid. But the man's drunk now, lady, so I hope you'll not have him arrested. He wouldn't done it if he'd been sober."

" Is it true that you have no food, at all ?" asked Miss Hastings.

" There ain't never no food," volunteered Pietro.

" Have you no work ?" she asked the husband.

He turned his back and swaggered to the court window before he replied :

"No, an honest man can't get no work."

Miss Hastings knew the man was a sneak thief and had asked the question only to be kind. He added, suddenly turning on Maria with a snarl, "And she don't earn nothing—with the cops always chasing her off the street."

Maria covered her face with her hands and wept. "You know well enough what I am, lady," she wailed, piteously. "I saw that you knew when I first took Pietro to you, but I wanted him brought up good. Now you won't take him back, I suppose, and he'll have to go on the street and steal, until the Society gets him."

The thought of the "Society" caused little Pietro to add his lamentations to his mother's. Of course, he knew nothing about the "Society;" to such as he, it is only the boggy man.

Miss Hastings said quietly, that she saw more reason than she had known before why she should continue to give Pietro her daily care, and told the mother to send him, as usual, the next day. She sent some bread and meat to the room, and perhaps was thinking of it that evening, for she did not answer a woman who asked her, at a dinner-party, if she did not find slumming full of amusing experiences.

Pietro fulfilled the promise of his eyes, for he was soon an uncommonly apt pupil, especially in the kindergarten work, where dexterity of fingers counted. He became very fond of Miss Hastings, and from time to time, brought her presents of watches, jewelry or umbrellas which she turned over to the captain of the precinct police, who usually found a rightful owner for the results of Pietro's skill, and com-

pounded a felony with Miss Hastings in aiding her to protect the thief. He was a good and experienced captain, and because of his admiration for Miss Hastings and her work, he cheerfully lied about any subject when she considered it expedient for him to do so to further her effort to ultimately reform Pietro. But the police captain assured her that the case was hopeless. "I have known both the father and mother since they were Pietro's age, and their fathers and mothers before them. It's bad blood, Miss, and can't be cured, but of course I'll help you, as long as you want to try," he often said.

You see the captain was both wise and indulgent.

"Me mudder's sent t' de Island for six mont's," Pietro announced to Miss Hastings, one day.

"And your father?"

"He aint got a t'ing but money," Pietro answered, proudly. "He's drunk all de time. He must have turned a great trick."

Miss Hastings knew what had happened; that the police, tired of "chasing her off the streets," had arrested Maria, and that the father's "great trick" would probably deprive Pietro of paternal care, also. It was this knowledge which prompted Miss



Hastings to set in motion the legal machinery which would place Pietro under the care of the Society. She thought he had divined her purpose

and was hiding, for he was absent from school the next day. The next she received word from the Society's agent, asking her to call at Pietro's home ; the boy had made the request, the agent wrote.

When she reached the room she found there, besides the agent, a doctor



who was just going out. The neighbors said the father had made Pietro drink, and had beaten him to make him do so.

"If I had been called a few hours earlier," said the doctor, drawing on his gloves, "I might have counteracted the effect of the alcoholic poison and saved the little fellow."

Miss Hastings looked down at the white, still little face and said : "He is saved."



WHEN A MAN JUDGES.

1

2



"PAUL can marry daughter when he has a thousand dollars in the bank. I've said it, and I'll stick to it. It is right, or I'd not say it."

"But David," said his wife, "we have many thousands; one of them could be spared."

"Martha, you know exactly how many thousands we have, and it's right you should, for you've helped me save them, all these years. They seem many to us, for we think of how small the start was, but they are no more than a spendthrift could waste in a few years."

"But Paul's no spendthrift, David."

Mrs. Martens laid her hand on her husband's, and he took it, patted it not ungently with his hard and deeply seamed hand as he answered: "We do not know what he is inclined to be



with money, except as we can judge from what his father was—yes, and a little more; Paul's saved nothing yet, though he's been earning full wages in the Works for six months now."

"But he's had expenses, David, ex-

penses it makes us proud to know he has had. He'd to buy a dress suit to go to his class dinner."

"Aye, and preside," added David Martens, with a touch of eagerness in his voice.

Mrs. Martens went to the dining-room mantle-piece, and took from behind the clock a newspaper clipping. She put on her spectacles and read aloud, as she had many times, an item under the head, "Notes of College Societies," wherein it was told how Paul Josselyn had presided with "distinguished wit," at his Technology School class, in a fashionable hotel.

"Paul has fine friends," David Martens said, after a pause during which he seemed to be giving himself time for full appreciation of what his wife had read. "They have practical value, too, when one is educated like Paul. It's

the scientific knowledge, such as Paul has, that makes the head men in industries these days. The mechanical knowledge don't carry us to the front any longer."

"It's carried you near to the front, David Martens," his wife said proudly.

"Yes, Martha, it's carried me to the office of Superintendent. There I stop. Paul may be President some day, for he has the scientific knowledge, and that I never had."

"President of the Works!" almost gasped Mrs. Martens. "Yet David, you won't give your consent to his marrying Frances."

The old mechanic turned to his wife with a quaint smile: "You women folks are always taking it that the best that can happen is sure to happen. Paul may be President of the Works some day. Yes, that is so, but he'll



never be even a foreman unless he has the material in him which will make him save a thousand dollars when he knows he must save that to have my consent to marry Frances."

"They love each other very much," Mrs. Martens said, which was not by way of an answer, but because Frances was her only child.

"And I love Frances," David answered simply.

Just then from the parlor they heard Frances playing softly on the piano. Mrs. Martens smiled, though there were tears in her eyes. "It's time for Paul to come," she said, "and that is the tune he likes best.

"If I did not love her," continued David, as if he had not been interrupted, "I might not be so set in my mind to see how Paul is to be with his money. His father made more money

in the Works than I did, for he invented many improvements in machinery and the Directors paid him well, but he died penniless."

"He gave Paul a fine education," Mrs. Martens suggested.

"No," answered David reluctantly. "No, Paul was put through the school by the Directors. I never told you that, but it is so. The father was to repay the advance, but he died, and some of us paid for his funeral."

Mrs. Martens sighed and then was silent. "If Paul comes straight from the ferry he should be here by this time," David said, glancing at the clock.

"Never fear his going to his room before he comes here after being away from the city for a week," commented Mrs. Martens, smiling confidently.

"He's a young man to be sent alone



to install that plant in Baltimore ; he's been in the Works but two years, drawing a man's wages but six months of that time. In my beginning days, a man would have been in the Works ten years before he'd be trusted with the work Paul was sent to Baltimore to do," mused the Superintendent.

"But you're not counting the four years in the School, he put in studying what you learned at the bench," commented the wife.

"Aye, more than I learned at the bench," the old man said a little sadly. "Paul knows all the science of the Works," and then, turning to his wife with a kindly smile, he continued, "I've done with all my old prejudice against book-learning, Martha, and it was you who made me give up that prejudice when you argued me into sending Frances to the College. If anything

should happen to what we have saved, Frances could earn a living in half a dozen ways and yet not have to do drudgery work."

"Frances is educated to take the station of a lady," the mother said simply. "I wonder what keeps Paul."

A servant brought a telegram to the dining-room. It was an unusual form of message to be received in that home, and Mrs. Martens and Frances, who had come to the dining-room, waited apprehensively as David adjusted his spectacles, opened the message and read aloud slowly ;

"Delayed by an accident. I am unhurt. Will be at the house at nine o'clock this evening. PAUL."

Richard Josselyn, Paul's father, and David Martens had been craft-fellows



in the Works for thirty years. Most of that time Josselyn had been Martens' superior, but when he died he held the position of foreman of the Draughting Department, whereas Martens was not only Superintendent of all the Works but was a stockholder and director in the Company. He had always saved, even when his wages were smallest, and had invested his savings invariably in the stock of the Company. He had never done anything brilliant for the works, yet his economical methods, his sure knowledge of workmen, his unfailing promptness in keeping the Company's obligations in all contracts, had long made him recognized as the Company's most valuable employé. Since he had become a director there had never been a strike nor the threat of a strike among the thousands of mechanics employed in the Works.

Richard Josselyn had invented a score of labor-saving devices and some tools which had been adopted by the Works, and for whose patents he had been paid large prices, but for one success he had made a dozen disastrous failures in his inventions, and it was in costly pursuit of impracticable mechanical ideas that he had wasted all of his large earnings and bonuses. His wife had died when Paul was little more than a baby, and so it came about that Paul had always been more at home in the Martens household than in his father's somewhat haphazard apartments. When Paul was old enough to be apprenticed in the Works, David Martens advised that it should be done, but Richard Josselyn said no. He could afford to give his son a good education and he should do so. Paul should go through one of the modern scientific



schools, which were doing so much to elevate the calling of mechanics. David shook his head over this decision, but said nothing, for he was a genius in the matter of minding his own business. He was not so silent, however, when Martha declared that it was right for them to send Frances to a woman's college. Against this he argued strongly. He was a mechanic; Martha was the daughter of a mechanic. It would be presumptuous in them to give Frances an education which their parents would never have thought of in connection with a mechanic's child.

Then David Martens discovered that the comely woman who had been uncomplaining all these years in the hard unrelieved drudgery of life imposed by his ideas of domestic economy, had not only very different but very decided views regarding their child.

"You may say, David Martens," she said to him, "that you are only a mechanic and you always will say that, for you are proud of the name, but you are Superintendent of the Works, and you may be a director one day; it's not only a woman's whim that must decide you in this, but it's your duty—in view of your position—your duty to society."

David looked up with quick inquiry at this. His duty to society was a problem which had never vexed him; he was, in fact, and he was conscious of it, an exemplary member of society as he viewed it; he voted according to his honest convictions, paid his taxes without protest, attended a Church which he helped to support, and forever watched over the Works. Until now it had never occurred to him that he was beholden to society in other re-

spects. There was one other duty he performed, which, in a narrow sense, had to do with society, but which to him was a sore penance; that was to attend with Martha the annual dinner given by the President of the Company at his house to the Superintendent, the foremen and their wives. He recalled this now with a dubious smile :

“ Is it things like the annual dinner you’re thinking of, Martha ? ”

She laughed then and said, “ Perhaps that gave me the thought, David, but when you become a director, Frances and I will go to the directors’ dinners with you, and she’ll be as fine as any of their wives and daughters when she comes from college.”

David noted the words, “ When she comes from college,” and though he was no great student of the feminine mind in general, he knew Martha’s very

well, and knew then that in the end he would have to agree with her, or make her very unhappy. So like a wise man he let his wife have her way and Frances went to college.

When she was graduated her father was a director, a fact which did not overawe the daughter, and she at once set about re-adjusting her parents' manner of living in a way against which they but feebly protested. Inside of a year they had moved into a more pretentious house in a more fashionable quarter of the city, and Mrs. Martens had two servants to help her care for the house. When she heard of the invitation to the directors' dinner she asked her mother if her father still persisted in going to these dinners in his old-fashioned broadcloth frock-coat. When she learned that David was still unregenerate in this respect, she con-



ducted that astonished old gentleman to a fashionable tailor and had the defects of his wardrobe supplied. She was a tyrant, but there was no rebellion against her tyranny. Indeed, father and mother Martens were very proud, and justly so, of all that their daughter was and all that she did. One act of hers settled forever her supremacy—not in their love for her, for there she had always been supreme, but in their pride and delight in her. When Paul came home from the School, and instantly and violently fell in love with his former playmate, and she as instantly and as violently fell in love with him, the Martens house soon became the scene of much youthful gaiety. Both of the young people had been popular in their classes, and their classmates made the nucleus of the company which surrounded Frances. The

first time she told her father and mother that a number of her friends and Paul's were coming to the house on a certain night, for music and dancing and supper, they acquiesced and aided her preparations; but on the evening of the affair Frances suddenly discovered that her parents evidently intended not to be present when her guests came. Then her face flushed and her eyes flashed: "Papa and mamma Martens, what do you mean?" she exclaimed.

"Why, dear," stammered her mother, a little frightened at this outburst, "we thought perhaps you'd enjoy it more——" Then she stopped, for the girl burst out:

"I'm having my friends here so they can see what a lovely mother and father I have. All my friends know how proud I am of you. You were the handsomest couple at the directors'

dinner and I want all the world to know it." Then she burst into tears and her father and mother dressed to receive her guests.

Paul was not ignorant of the loving tyranny his sweetheart exercised over her parents, so he was a confident lover when he went to David Martens and asked his consent to their marriage. David said he had no objections, but that before Paul could marry Frances he must show that he understood one science which had not been taught at the School—the science of saving money. Paul was almost as elated as if he had secured an unconditional consent. That was six months before the night of his return from Baltimore—it was just when he had been put on the full pay-roll of the Works. He saved fifty dollars the first month and then he fell into sudden despair, for although

he knew his position would soon be bettered, he could not hope to save the full thousand dollars within the year, and to wait a year was impossible ! That night his hopes were raised again by his talk with Frances. She told him that her mother was their advocate with her father. This seemed so hopeful to both of them that they agreed it would not be improvident for Paul to expend his savings for a new dress suit to wear at his class dinner over which he was to preside.

David Martens was a proud man when at the lunch hour the day after that class dinner he heard several of the foremen gravely congratulating Paul upon the fine position he had made for himself in the world. The young man was a great favorite with the workmen and foremen, and they predicted a great success for him in the Works ; so



they were honestly glad and told him so, that one of their own members, who held himself no better than they, in spite of his education, should be spoken of in the newspapers as presiding at a class dinner in a fashionable hotel.

But week after week went by, and then month after month and Paul grew desperate as he confronted again and again his penniless condition. Sometimes it was a bunch of roses for Frances, or a box of bon-bons, or seats at a theatre where their young companions were going in a party, seldom any indulgence for himself alone, yet in the end the same condition resulted—another month was begun with no savings in hand. Again and again he scolded himself and made stern resolutions. Frances and he talked over their unhappy lot with more than the frankness of lovers, because they had always been

playfellows, and she schemed to aid him in his savings, and yet she was happy when the spendthrift's flowers would come to tell her that he thought of her in his absence.

Paul appealed again to David Martens. He was so unhappy he told the old mechanic that he could not do himself justice at the Works. No matter what his work was, a calculation involving only the tables of figures with which he was most familiar, or a new calculation to which he must apply the most advanced theory he had studied; a simple measurement, or a demonstration of tensional strength, whatever he was given to do was so involved with the still greater problem of saving one thousand dollars that his training was nought. That problem paralyzed the strength of his mind. Would not Mr. Martens relent? Could he not see the



sense of it—the justice of it? Why plague him with this demand now? He would rise in the Works, he would soon be in a position where a thousand dollars would not be so great a matter. He loved Frances and Frances loved him; it was cruel to keep them apart. So the young man urged impetuously. But the old man said “No!” He had not set a hard task for Paul. It was not the young man’s actual possession of a thousand dollars in itself, but he did insist upon some evidence that Paul knew what money meant and would understand its value. Frances would inherit what to people in their walk of life was a large fortune, yet vastly larger fortunes had been dissipated in a few years by men whose only faults were by some considered commendable virtues. He would not risk his daughter’s future happiness. He insisted

upon his terms. In this David Martens was resolute. His wife, his daughter, had no more success in their endeavors to alter his mind than had Paul.

The work in Baltimore had kept Paul there for a week, and when it was finished and well done, and he had been congratulated upon it, he hurried to the station and waited eagerly for the train that would carry him to New York, to Frances! The train he entered was nearly filled, for it was a through one from the South, and Paul passed by several seats which contained one passenger only, but was otherwise filled with the passenger's hand-luggage, before he came to one where sat a young man who held his traveling-bag on his knees, and Paul seated himself by his side, laying his own hand-bag on the floor at his feet. They had not traveled far before Paul became conscious that



his neighbor was laboring under great excitement. He started whenever the conductor passed through the car, and at the few stations where they stopped he watched the doors of the car apprehensively. Paul might have given this more thought had he not been engrossed otherwise and more pleasantly in re-reading the letters he had received from Frances during his absence, and therefore only occasionally regarded his companion when the latter made an unusual start of apprehension or nervousness.

But suddenly, without an instant's warning, thoughts of his neighbor, of his letters, of all things were driven out of Paul's head by an awful crash. Whether it was one or five minutes later Paul never knew. He regained consciousness, and found himself lying on the side of the overturned car in a

tangle and confusion of men and baggage. There were shouts of fright, shrieks of pain, prayers, curses, and moans of the dying. His experiences as a football player helped Paul at that moment, and indeed, through his still half-dazed mind, and before he had realized what the accident was, a whimsical recollection of a certain hard scrimmage on a football field came to him vividly. Then, before he made any bodily effort to extricate himself, he proceeded with some calmness to satisfy himself that his injuries had not deprived him of all his physical powers. Then he cautiously extricated himself and without much trouble, and concluded, as he was doing so, that he had been knocked senseless by being struck in the head by a piece of flying baggage. At this thought he instinctively looked about for his own hand-bag, for



it contained some valuable mechanical plans. He found it near at hand, grasped it and then discovered that a window on the side of the car above him had been broken clear of its glass and rescuers were already there and shouting to him to climb nearer so that they could pull him out. In another minute he had been dragged out of the car and lowered down to the ground. There his eye took in the extent and the cause of the accident. A cross-line train had smashed into the one car behind that in which he rode, and seemingly had utterly demolished it. His car had been overturned but not greatly damaged, but he had escaped from a horrible danger which he now saw threatened those who were still in the overturned coach. The engine which had cut through the rear car had set it on fire, and the flames were rapidly

approaching the coach from which he had just escaped. He had complete possession of his faculties now, and tossing his hand-bag by the side of a pile of ties stacked like cord wood near by, he rushed to the assistance of those who were endeavoring to save his fellow passengers. Paul was powerful and agile, and in a few minutes was directing and leading the work of rescue. He was down again in the ruins of the car and had passed out several unconscious forms when he was warned to make his own escape good, as the fire had caught the end of the coach he was working in.

"There is one man wedged in there I want to try to get out!" he answered back, and returned to the spot where he had noticed the man whose seat he had shared. The man was unconscious, probably already dead, but Paul strug-

gled with all his magnificent strength to release the form which was imprisoned beneath broken seats and torn and twisted flooring, and only ceased when he was driven back by the flame and smoke.

The people cheered the young athlete as he emerged from the car, blackened, cut and bruised as he was, and a doctor took him by the arm and said, "You've done good work, young man, but you need a little of my attention yourself. Come!"

He led Paul back to the pile of ties, and there bathed and roughly dressed his wounds, the worst of which, on his temple, was not serious, and was caused probably by the blow which had first knocked him senseless. When this was finished the people were driven back from the car by the heat of the flames, and Paul, picking up his satchel, went

with the other passengers to one of the forward cars which had not been injured nor even derailed. There the conductor came to him, thanked him for what he had done and took his name and address.

When he reached New York he hastened to his room, where he changed his torn clothing, and removed as much as possible the evidences of disaster and then went to David Marten's home.

The next morning David Martens called at Paul's room, shrewdly anticipating what he found to be the case, the young man was not able to leave his bed. He himself declared he was fit and wanted to go to the Works with David, but the railroad company's doctor, already there, ordered that Paul should remain in bed ; there was danger of fever he said, and the patient



must rest quietly for a day or two. His medical treatment would be free and the railroad company would gladly make up his loss of wages.

So Paul submitted and David Martens went on alone to the Works, buying a bundle of morning papers in which he read with much pride the account of Paul's gallant work of rescue, where Paul was described as a young mechanical engineer of great promise in his profession.

"I wish," sighed David, "that Paul had saved that thousand dollars."

Perhaps Mrs. Martens had divined that David would have some such thought as this, that her husband's heart would be softened toward Paul by the danger he had gone through, the injuries he had received and the conspicuous display he had made of his bravery and his strength, but the Superintendent

was obdurate. He remained obdurate the next day under a stronger pressure than he had yet been subjected to in this trial of his affections. Mrs. Martens and Frances had been to see Paul and the doctor was there. He was a wise physician and a sympathetic man, and he realized the value, in making a diagnosis, of learning as much as possible of a patient's mental as well as physical condition, and something of the former had puzzled him in Paul's case. He was sympathetic, I have said, and it was by the exercise of this valuable quality that he was enabled to learn, while not the exact fact, pretty nearly the truth regarding the relation between Paul and Frances, and he hinted to Mrs. Martens that he would have his patient as fit as could be wished for, if he could relieve him from the cause of his mental worry. That eve-



ning David Martens had this phase of the case presented to him by his wife and daughter in a manner which moved the old mechanic deeply, but it did not move him enough to make him come to their way of thinking.

Paul, alone in his room, amused himself with reading the almost endless columns of description the papers printed about the disaster, and that evening he was keenly interested in a story developed by the latest editions. It was told that the messenger of a Washington bank had been identified as one of the victims whose body had been nearly consumed by the burning of the overturned car. The messenger, on the day of the accident, in pursuance of a duty he had performed daily for a number of years, had taken from the bank a satchel, containing forty thousand dollars in greenbacks, which he

was expected to deliver at the office of an express company in Washington, for forwarding to a New York bank. Instead of doing so the messenger had boarded the doomed train, as subsequent developments proved, and had been killed in the accident. The identification of his body had been absolute, and the money, consumed by the flames, a total loss to the bank, as nothing remained of the satchel and its contents, except the steel frame of a handbag found near the remnants of the body.

Paul felt certain from the minute description given of the unfortunate messenger, that he was the young man with whom he had shared a seat in the day coach, and whose body the approaching flames had forced him to abandon.

This story impressed upon Paul for the first time the dreadfulness of the



accident he had been through. Until then it had seemed to him by some trick of his mind something with which he had not been personally associated, but now the delayed realization coming to him as he was, depressed by fever and loneliness, and more than all heart-sore and despondent because of what seemed to him the cruelty of David Martens' unrelinquished position about his engagement to Frances, oppressed him until it seemed to him that life was wholly without hope. Happily it is the dower of youth to fight successfully against even the uttermost depression, and Paul began this fight now, first by laughing at himself, rather dolorously to be sure. He told himself he was a fool to abide by the doctor's advice, he needed change and companionship, he said, and he would dress and go and see Frances. He did

dress and was about to leave his room when he discovered that apparently his total financial resources consisted of the one five-cent piece he found in his pocket. His expenses to Baltimore would be coming to him from the Works, but that did not solve the immediate problem of how he was going to get to David Martens' house and back. It was too far for him to walk in his weakened condition. "True," he said, laughing bitterly, "I have car fare one way and I might borrow the other necessary nickel from the man who wants me to show a thousand dollars in savings for a very particular reason."

He was lashing himself with reproaches when it suddenly occurred to him that he had put a few dollars in bills in his satchel with his plans and other papers, and he drew the leather

bag out of the wardrobe into which he had thrown it the night he returned. Its regular key would not unlock it and he tried several before he succeeded. He ceased wondering over this, and ceased with a shock when, upon opening the bag, he saw that it contained only a neatly contrived package, sealed with red wax, and addressed to the New York bank for which the missing package of money from Washington was destined. The simple explanation flashed upon him at once. In the crash of the accident which had sent men and baggage flying, the messenger's satchel, a duplicate of his, had landed near him, indeed had probably been the missile which had reminded him of the time he was kicked in the head in a football scrimmage. Then Paul sat for a long time in a half daze. First came a terrible tumult of

thoughts out of which he could not force his mind to relate anything plainly, and then at last unbidden, fiercely contended against, came the thought: "This money and the man who stole it are supposed to have been destroyed. It is a loss which amounts to but little beyond a record in book-keeping, the writing off of this amount to profit and loss on the books of one the richest banks in the world." He recalled that not long before the papers had been filled with accounts of a great financial transaction of national import, by which that bank had profited more than a hundred times the amount which lay snugly wrapped up in the brown paper package. It would be lost to be sure—indeed was it not already lost? by men who, though they had lost it, would never miss it. But what would its possession mean to

another : to a man in love who could not marry for the want of one-fortieth part of what lay there snugly in its brown paper package ?

He started to lift the package from the bag but as his finger-tips touched it he recoiled with a cry. He was still sitting there gazing at the package when the daylight came in through the window. He waited until he supposed the bank would be open, and then, taking the satchel, he rode down town, reached the bank and asked to see the president. "What is your business with the president?" asked the man he had inquired of.

"I wish to see him in relation to the forty thousand dollars which was supposed to have been lost the other day," answered Paul faintly.

In a minute the astonished clerk led Paul into the president's office. That

official regarded Paul's haggard face with some suspicion, and then was evidently frightened when he saw the satchel in his hand.

"What do you want?" he asked sharply.

"I want you to examine the contents of the package in this satchel, to count the money it contains, and give me a receipt for it."

There was no doubt now in the president's mind that he was dealing with an insane person, but he gave a quick order to some clerks to open the package, and in a few minutes the money had been opened, sorted and counted. The package itself had been recognized as the missing one, and when this had been called to the president's attention, he turned to Paul and said harshly :

"Now, sir, explain your possession of this money."

"I was about to do so," Paul said, "I was on the wrecked train. I believe I sat by the side of the messenger. I had a satchel with me like this, and in my escape took this, supposing it to be mine. I did not discover the mistake until last night."

"Who are you?" the president asked, eyeing Paul curiously now, but it was evident from his tone that he was convinced of the truth of the story.

"My name is Paul Josselyn."

"Oh yes, we read about your heroic deeds at the wreck."

Paul did not reply to this. He was leaning rather heavily upon the desk before which he stood.

"Now this is most extraordinary," continued the official. "We never should have searched for this package. We were convinced that it was burned. We had already charged up the loss,

for, you understand, the Washington bank is merely our agent, and the loss fell on us."

Paul seemed not to be paying much attention. "If you will give me a receipt showing I have delivered the package to you I believe I will go," he said.

"But not without a reward," the bank president said, heartily now, and, after a glance at Paul, he motioned to a clerk to push a chair for him.

"I do not wish any reward," Paul said leaning on the chair as he started towards the door.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the president. "We never expected to see a dollar of this. It is as if we had picked the money up in the street. Now—a—" here the president hesitated a moment and then added, "I believe I am at liberty to say that the direc-

tors will warrant me in giving you five thousand dollars of this."

"No," said Paul, again starting toward the door, "I will accept no reward." And then he added with a little laugh, "But if you had said one thousand dollars it might have interested me."

The president began an expostulation, but stopped suddenly, for Paul dropped to the floor in a faint.

The president of the works was a director in that bank, and that afternoon he told David Martens how Paul returned the money, as the story was told him by the bank president.

In the evening David went to Paul's room and he found the doctor there, troubled. Paul was sleeping restlessly, and the doctor said to Mr. Martens:

"I should not like to have you waken my patient unless" — and he

looked straight and significantly into into the superintendent's eyes, "unless you have something cheerful, agreeable you understand, for him to hear." David Martens regarded the doctor thoughtfully and then said :

" I think, sir, I'll chance waking him."

What he said to the invalid was this :
" Paul, you must be getting well soon and come up to the house to fix the wedding-day with Frances."



POLLY SLANGUER'S TROUSSEAU.





THE Major was late for afternoon tea with Mrs. Max.

Possibly an explanation is required—not why he was late, for the reason of that tells this story—but why he takes tea, and with Mrs. Max.

“I will argue with no man,” said the Major, to Mrs. Jack Daring, who was present that afternoon, and who, happily for the reader, had asked these very explanations, for I find two are required, “I will argue with no man or woman on my dictum that whiskey should never be partaken of—until after dinner. The American male—human—is addicted to the cocktail habit be-

fore dinner. Tea, my dear Mrs. Max, is not only an admirable substitute, but its consumption before dinner leaves unrequisioned our total capacity for whiskey and water until its proper time for exercise—after dinner.”

“When he talks like that,” said Mrs. Max, “I know he has something on his mind. But what in ever Polly Slanguer ordered her trousseau by cable for, I’m sure !”

“My dear Mrs. Max,” said Mrs. Jack plaintively, “if the Major has anything on his mind don’t suggest it to him. I

love him most when he talks about nothing.”

Mrs. Max smiled contentedly, poured two spoonsful of tea over three large lumps of sugar and



devoted herself to sipping the resultant *sirop de thé*, as the Major continued :

“ Besides the physical, I may say the physiological, aspect of this case, there is another which suggests itself to my mind ; it pertains to social ethics. The American husband and wife directly they are one begin to become two. In married life they see each other at breakfast, when the husband devotes himself to his newspaper and the wife to the concoction of coffee. They see each other at dinner when they are entertaining guests or are being entertained as guests, and consequently seated as far apart as possible. Unless the American husband adopts, as I have done, the English custom of afternoon tea, he soon accomplishes what my friend Ambrose Bierce has called a ‘disintroduction’ to his wife. There

fore, my dear Mrs. Max—kindly add a drop of rum to my tea, it is over redolent of lemon—therefore, the husband should daily take tea with his wife, thus to renew and continue the romance of their days of courtship.”

Mrs. Max dipped from the bottom of her tea cup a portion of moistened sugar and administered it to the setter dog, who received this daily tribute to his manifold excellences with a becoming display of chivalrous gratitude. Then Mrs. Max remarked :

“I’ll tell you, Mrs. Jack, why the Major always comes home to tea. He can’t wait any longer than that to learn the latest scandals I have heard from you.”

“The latest scandals about me, you mean, my dear.”

“No,” the Major remarked judicially, “I hear those from Jack.”

"He only pretends to know," Mrs. Jack said confidentially. "I try to tell Jack the scandals about me but he won't listen. He says they bore him, though I try my best to provide a quality that ought to interest him. I really should have married you, Major."

"Why?" asked Mrs. Max, assisting the setter in a dignified effort to balance the teaspoon on his nose.

"Oh, I don't know," pouted Mrs. Jack, "perhaps because I think I could have shocked the Major. Have you told him that Polly Slanguer ordered her trousseau by cable?"

"Some one spoke of it," the Major said, "and somehow that reminds me—I suppose because it is so unlike—of the reason I am late for tea to-day. I have been slumming."

"Slumming?" exclaimed Mrs. Max, looking up with surprise.

"Yes, going about among the poorest tenements," the Major explained.

"Oh, that's Fanny Van Cortlandt's game," Mrs. Jack remarked knowingly. "She works it very cleverly, too. She gives people gruel—I think it's gruel, but it may be guava jelly. It makes her interesting to a lot of men. It's rather clever for a girl as good looking as Fannie is."

The Major winked largely at the setter dog, who came over and put his big paws on the Major's knees.

"The slums?" mused Mrs. Max, "I remember them now. They write plays about them, or do they sing in the streets in the slums? It's something like that I know."

"They may sing in the slums," said the Major thoughtfully, "I daresay they do, but I happened not to encounter the singing kind to-day."

Mrs. Max looked up quickly. She knows the Major's moods by his voice, though she does not always acknowledge them.

"Why were you in the slums to-day, dear?" she asked simply.

"I went," replied the Major after a pause, "because I wished to acquaint myself with facts which should guide us in giving wisely what we give in charity. Some people have established in the slums a station for the distribution of free food. I have heard the wisdom of such charity disputed so I went to investigate for myself. It is not a pleasant sight, mesdames, to see men and women and children actually suffering for the want of any kind of food, even when one does not know any of the sufferers, personally."

"And of course one never does," remarked Mrs. Max comfortably.

"That is the droll part of my experience," the Major continued, "which I was about to relate. By the way, did the vintage champagne come to-day?"

"Yes, and I have ordered some of it cooled," Mrs. Max said almost with haste, perhaps relieved at the more agreeable trend of the Major's conversation. "Polly Slanguer is so eccentric!"

"To be sure. Tell us about Polly and her cabled trousseau," the Major said, patting the setter's head.

"Oh hang Polly Slanguer and her trousseau!" interrupted Mrs. Jack Darling in a manner which made Mrs. Max looked up at her with arched eyebrows of surprise; then she said:

"Pardon me, Major. I did not mean to interrupt you. I can see you were really interested in the—what was it?—oh, the slums."

"It is scarcely worth speaking about, and I should not trouble you, except that I need your help—advice—about a friend I met there to-day."

"Major! A friend in the—the slums?" exclaimed Mrs. Max aghast.

"I think I am justified in saying that he is one of my best friends, as he saved my life at the risk of his own more than once."

All thoughts of Polly and her trousseau



seau by cable were now banished from Mrs. Max's mind. She went over to

the Major and sat on the arm of his chair. "Tell me," she said.

"You have heard me speak many times of a Sergeant who was with me in my company, when we were fighting Indians? The soldiers called him 'Parson.'"

"The man who rode forty miles to get the material for a Christmas punch for you and Bob Billings?"

"That is the man. Well, to-day I visited that 'relief station,' as it is called, and saw at a glance that most of those receiving food were not only cold, ill-clad and poor, but went there actually hungry. It was a sight not calculated to make one wholly content, and—by the way, that vintage champagne arrived to-day? Good, we'll have it served at dinner. What was I saying? I was about to leave the place when a man who was devouring a plate of food

with the eagerness it is not nice to see, as I was saying, in a fellow human being, suddenly straightened to 'attention' and gave me a salute—the army salute. It was a minute before I recognized the Parson."

"Major, the man who saved your life, poor, hungry!"

"I took him away with me, and when I asked him for his story the big fellow cried. Yet it is such a simple story! He had been refused re-enlistment, as he was physically unfit. Not from wounds, but from the effect of exposure in that Indian campaign. He is a carpenter by trade, a native American, a God fearing man—you said some of the new wine had been put on ice? Ah! It is so very simple it is scarcely worth telling. He could not find work; he did not know how to beg; he was nearly starved; his pride kept him from ap-

plying to me, and I found him by chance at the place where he was eating the first meal he had had in days."

"The poor, dear man! Where is he now?"

"I was about to tell you. He is in the kitchen telling the cook campaign stories about me, and eating a square meal after each story. Can we not employ him about the place?"

"Yes, dear, for the rest of his life; but not until he has told campaign stories and eaten square meals for a month."

"You were saying that the wine——"

"Let's send a bottle of it out to the dear old Parson," Mrs. Jack suggested.



THE END.

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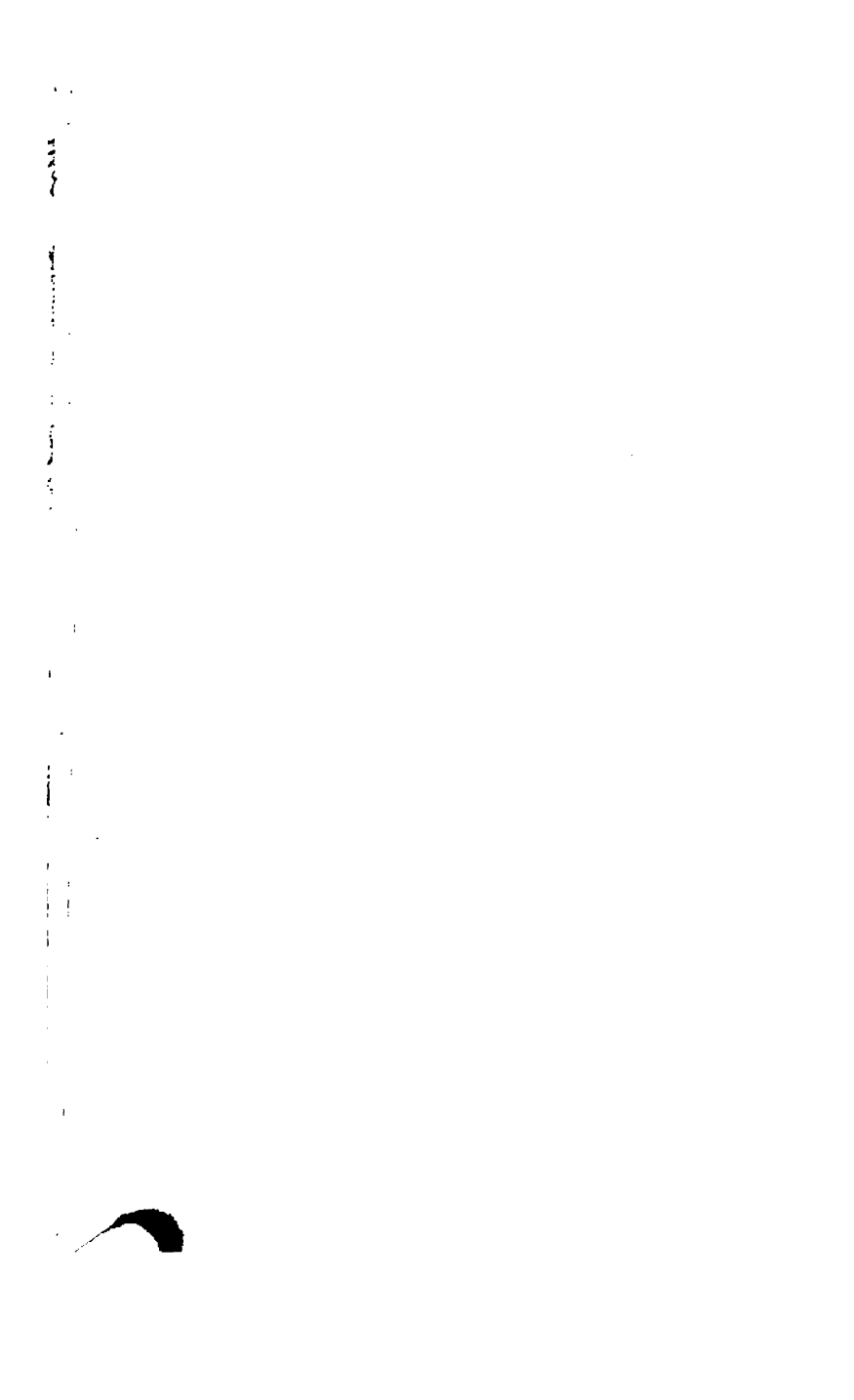
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